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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

RIDDLED by criticism from every quarter, the tax on growth of profits has been hastily shovelled under ground, with none save Mr. Gallacher to shed a tear over the burial. Mr. Chamberlain's first act as Prime Minister has been to undo the one notable, if ill-considered, action which he ever took as Chancellor. Triumph of Parliament over the Executive, vindication of democracy? So the withdrawal of N.D.C. may be judged by the determinedly tender-minded. But it is not a realistic view. The proposed tax, as we argued from the outset, was a bad tax—inequitable in its incidence, cumbersome and costly to collect, and fraught with the grave disadvantage of potential refunds on an unpredictable scale at some period in the future when repayment might be most embarrassing to the State. In the debate on the Finance Bill, Mr. Dalton and other Opposition speakers united with the spokesmen of Big Business in exposing the unresolved anomalies and drawbacks inherent in the tax. In withdrawing it Mr. Chamberlain may claim that he has listened to the voice of reason. So he has; but we are certain that reason would have pleaded in vain had the voice of the Tory Party's moneyed backers not been in unison. The effective exercise of pressure on this occasion came not from Parliament or press, but from the City. Under the weight of opposition which Big Business mobilised, the tax would have been killed even if it had been a good one.

Cabinet Shuffle

With Mr. Baldwin passing to the Lords (and becoming a K.G. and, comically enough, Sir Stanley on the way) and Mr. MacDonald retiring (he is to be congratulated on refusing a peerage), some Cabinet changes were inevitable. But there have been many more changes than the pundits expected and we cannot believe that shuffling the cards has improved the hand. Mr. Runciman's translation is certainly to the good; this sometime free-trader had become the most obstinate barrier to improved trade relations with the United States and other countries. Mr. Stanley, who has not made much of a reputation for himself in recent years, has an opportunity of shining by comparison. Just why Sir Samuel Hoare leaves the Admiralty for the Home Office and the other Secretaries and Under-Secretaries of the Service Departments are switched over to other jobs no one seems to know. The most disturbing appointment of all is that of Lord Stanhope to the Board of Education. Lord Stanhope was a Guardsman and fought with distinction in the South African war and in the last war. He has been Parliamentary Secretary or Under-secretary at the War Office, Foreign Office and Admiralty, and he has been First Commissioner of Works. *Who's Who* tells

us that his recreation is shooting and discloses no evidence that he knows anything of education. His appointment will strengthen the rumours that the educational reforms contemplated by this Government are all in the direction of militarisation.

By-elections

With four by-elections recently settled, and no fewer than eleven now pending, there is inevitably talk of a " General Election in miniature." Nothing, however, could well be less like a microcosm of a General Election than the eleven contests which are at present in prospect. In St. Ives, Mr. Isaac Foot may have a good chance of winning back the old Liberal seat hitherto held by Mr. Runciman—at all events, if no Labour candidate takes the field. But Bewdley, Hemel Hempsted, Buckingham, Cheltenham, Chertsey, Drake (Plymouth), Hillhead (Glasgow), Holland-with-Boston, Ilford and Kingston-on-Thames must make a depressing row of brick walls for the Labour Opposition to run its head against. Holland-with-Boston was, indeed, once a Labour seat, but only because the sitting member changed sides. Buckingham has old Radical traditions ; but in such an area Liberal and Labour, both already in the field, will certainly divide the progressive vote. Plymouth will be unduly inquisitive about the candidate's views on rearmament ; and the revolutionary spirit on the Clyde will have to rise a good deal higher in order to sweep Hillhead away. In effect, the Government has the odds very comfortably on its side ; and the results, from the standpoint of estimating chances over the country as a whole, will be neither here nor there. All the same, recent by-elections have shown that, for the present, the Opposition is making very little headway ; and it will be interesting to see whether the Labour Party does better in pulling down the majorities in safe Tory seats than in winning doubtful areas which ought to go Labour with any substantial swing of opinion in the country as a whole.

Japanese Politics

A few weeks ago, after he had been overwhelmingly beaten in the general election, General Hayashi, the Japanese Prime Minister, declared that he had no intention of resigning. This mood of defiance has not lasted long. On Monday, without waiting to meet the Diet, he tendered his resignation to the Emperor, and it was promptly accepted. In fact, he was in an impossible position. He was unable or unwilling to come to terms with the parties in the Diet, and he could not govern in the teeth of a united Opposition comprising about nine-tenths of the House—except with the firm support of the Army. That support he has apparently forfeited ; at any rate the Army chiefs have done nothing to prevent his resignation. His successor, Prince Konoe, is an eminent aristocrat who is said to be both clever and public-spirited and, if not what we should call a democrat, at least not a Fascist. He is expected to form a " National Government," and to pursue a policy which will be acceptable alike to the Army and the political parties. This would appear to indicate no great change, though apart from the regular and growing tension between the soldiers and the politicians, both the Seiyukai and the Minseito, the " Tories " and " Whigs," have been urging reforms in domestic and foreign policy. Those who want big social reforms look hopefully to the rise of the new Shakai Taishuto, or " Social Mass " party, which, though numerically small in the Diet, doubled its strength at the elections. A Tokio journal compares its rise to that of the British Labour Party, and suggests that its growth may be equally threatening to the traditional parties in the course of the next few years.

A Respite for Royalty-Owners

The Government has given a positive assurance that its decision to postpone the Coal Royalties Bill until next session does not involve any change of policy or any intention of modifying the terms of compensation awarded by the impartial body which was set up to pronounce upon them. In view of the fact that the royalty owners had agreed in advance to accept the award of this body, the Government could hardly propose to give them any more, though it is common knowledge that the compensation is a great deal less than the owners confidently expected to receive. What is difficult to understand is the reason for postponing the main Bill, and proceeding only with a measure designed merely to clear the ground. One would have supposed that, with the terms of compensation settled in advance, the entire matter, so far as it is one of legislation, could have been disposed of very rapidly, and that it was quite unnecessary to make two bites at the cherry. Inevitably, we are left with the suspicion that there is more in the postponement than meets the eye, and that behind the scenes the disappointed royalty owners are still causing embarrassment to the Government.

The Engineers and Rearmament

Unrest in the engineering industry—especially in the sections concerned with rearmament—is undoubtedly growing very fast. The engineers have not yet got back the concessions, in respect of overtime and piecework rates and conditions of employment, which they were forced to make after the crisis of 1931 ; and just before the armament boom set in they allowed themselves to be tied down by a new agreement which has still a month or two to run. On account of the long depression there is an acute shortage of really skilled craftsmen, above all of younger men ; and elderly skilled men who have been workless for many years are now eagerly snapped up. In certain sections of the industry needing high skill—especially the aircraft section—labour could now command a very high monopoly price. But the strategy of the engineering employers—precisely opposite to that of the coalowners—is to keep all the engineers in one group for purposes of negotiation, in order to play off the less prosperous sections against those with the highest present ability to pay. The men are, of course, perfectly aware of this, and, unless the employers are prepared to make very large concessions to the industry as a whole, there is likelihood (especially after the abandonment of N.D.C.) of vigorous action by the skilled craftsmen in the aircraft and other munition factories. The shop stewards' movement is reviving fast ; and if the official Unions do not succeed in getting favourable terms, there is every prospect of the men, under unofficial leadership, taking matters into their own hands.

Aid for Agriculture

The Government's long-promised scheme for setting British agriculture on its feet proves to be no more than a further mild dose of subsidies applied with little signs of a considered plan of agricultural development. The price paid by farmers for lime and basic slag will be reduced by a Treasury subversion; a standard price of 8*s*. per cwt. will be guaranteed for barley and oats, both of which are selling to-day at considerably higher prices; and the limit of the wheat crop eligible for subsidy under the existing Act is raised from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 quarters. In addition to these (partly contingent) subversions—the cost of which, if cereal prices fell, would reach £2,750,000 a year—£740,000 is to be spent annually on drainage and the eradication of animal diseases. So far as the plan means anything, it seems to imply that the Government is still inclined, under the plea of military need, to toy half-heartedly with the policy of making the country less reliant on imports of cereals. Since anything like self-sufficiency in this direction is hopelessly impracticable, it seems scarcely worth while artificially bolstering up a minor expansion of British cereal crops at the cost of damaging our trade with Canada and Australia. Strategically, wheat storage would have more to commend it. But the real weakness of the Government's policy is that it does nothing to encourage the development of agriculture in the directions for which this country is most suited—dairy products, meat, bacon, and vegetables and fruit.

Weather and World Crops

Meteorological charts at this season of the year make news in the economic sense. Last week, while the waterlogged southern counties of England perspired under a sudden burst of summer, violent hail storms did grave damage to Central European crops, and Kansas had an ominous foretaste of drought. Operators in the world's most speculative and sensitive market—the Chicago-Winnipeg-Liverpool wheat bourse—began to wonder whether famine prices might not be witnessed next autumn, after all. Before the April slump, the Liverpool price of wheat per 100 lbs. was 10*s*. 6*d*. It fell, by the Coronation, to 8*s*. 10*d*. Last week-end it reached 9*s*. 6*d*., and seemed likely to rise further, until reports of favourable rain in Canada and the States brought about a relapse to 9*s*. 3*d*. The 1936–37 crop year (ending on July 31st) began with exportable stocks at less than 200,000,000 bushels. The world's wheat harvests have totalled 3,360,000,000 bushels, with exportable surpluses around 700,000,000 bushels. Import requirements seem likely to reach 625,000,000 bushels, and conditions of real stringency of supplies will develop this autumn if harvests in Europe are disappointing or crops in the U.S.A. and, notably, Canada are below average. Indications in Western and Central Europe at present point to indifferent crops of wheat; the weather has been too wet. Winter wheat in the U.S.A. has done moderately well, but the States will have no exportable surplus unless the spring wheat harvest exceeds substantially that of a year ago. In Canada lack of moisture has damaged much of the planted area. On the whole, the prospects are that prices of wheat and bread will rise over the next few months unless exceptionally favourable weather on both sides of the Atlantic unexpectedly improves the forthcoming supply position. Estimates of the U.S. spring wheat crop are so far optimistic, but much may happen before the harvest.

The Marriage Bill

Granted extra time by the Government, Mr. A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill has passed its third reading by a large majority in the House of Commons. Mr. Herbert has had to make so many compromises, first to get the Bill a hearing and then to get it so far through Parliament, that its value as a step towards more enlightened treatment of marital relations is meagre. The present grounds for divorce are extended to include desertion for a minimum of three years, cruelty and incurable insanity, but the Bill has been shorn of its original proposals to make incurable drunkenness and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence grounds for dissolution of marriage. Furthermore, not only does it do nothing to deal with the present wretched business of collusion; it still includes the surprising and illogical provision that no divorce at all shall be granted on any grounds, not even the existing one of adultery, during the first five years of marriage. What service is done to public morality by making matrimony indissoluble for five years even in cases where one of the partners to the contract has most grossly abused its "sanctity"? We may say, perhaps, that on balance the improvements in the Bill outweigh the disadvantages, but there was surely something odd about the complacent tone of Mr. Herbert's remark at the end of the debate that the Bill gives the Government "a great opportunity to clear away this troublesome and dangerous question for a very long time." Precisely. That is the worst of it. Even if the Lords do not further whittle away the concessions embodied in the Marriage Bill, its passage will mean that no further attempt to secure real divorce reform can hope to succeed for probably a generation.

The Duke's Wedding

According to the historic doctrine of the Church of England, the Bishops are justified in refusing to authorise a priest to celebrate the Duke of Windsor's marriage with Mrs. Warfield. Just why, after the line he has adopted in the past, the Duke should wish to be married with the rites of the Anglican Church, we do not profess to understand. Why try to have it both ways? But however that may be, nothing can excuse the meanness and hypocrisy shown to the Duke by the British authorities. Here is a man whom only a few months ago the British public was encouraged to regard as a national idol. He commits the crime of insisting on marriage when many of his illustrious ancestors would have thought it unnecessary. Because Mrs. Warfield has been in the divorce courts the Duke is confronted with the choice of his wife or his throne. He chooses the former. The Royal Family, including the Princess Royal, who is known to be sincerely attached to the Duke, are all forbidden to go to the wedding, and not a line to wish the Duke happiness appears in the *Times* or other respectable British papers.

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THE "DEUTSCHLAND"

It was announced in Berlin on Tuesday, after the shelling of Almeria in reprisal for the attack on the *Deutschland*, that the incident was closed. This announcement did something to abate the alarm of a world faced suddenly with the prospect of another European war. It has not lessened the horror and disgust felt by every civilised man at the reprisals, and it leaves a situation still heavily fraught with anxiety and danger. The Nazi conscience, which in this as in other matters is on the caveman's level, is, of course, clear. The Reich Government indeed boasts of its moderation in not taking "still sharper and absolutely justified counter measures" against the Red "brigands" and "freebooters," and cannot understand why foreign opinion should object to the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the killing and wounding of a hundred odd Spanish men, women and children in return for the killing and wounding of a hundred odd German sailors. It forgets that it has not yet even proved that the bombing of the *Deutschland* at Iviza was an unprovoked act of aggression. The Spaniards declare that their aeroplanes were first fired on by the warship, and Señor del Vayo has pointed out in a Note to the League that his Government had been informed by the German admiral that German vessels would "take the appropriate steps if approached by Spanish Government aeroplanes." As against this we have the assertion of the *Deutschland's* commander that she did not open fire, and that her crew were in the unprotected quarters forward, and not in their battle stations. Others say that the *Deutschland* was mistaken for a rebel cruiser. We do not profess to know which of these accounts is true. But even if the Spanish airmen were to blame, and the *Deutschland* was the victim of a wanton outrage, the method of the German revenge was abominable. Other Powers have suffered damage and casualties, if not quite so severe, in similar incidents. There was the destruction of the French air liner a few nights ago by rebel planes (German planes, we are told, which attacked a civilian aeroplane, forced it to land and then machine-gunned its occupants as they climbed out of the plane); there was the bomb dropping at Palma last week in which H.M.S. *Hardy* narrowly escaped being hit and a number of Italian naval officers were killed; and no such precipitate and savage reparation as the Germans have executed was even dreamed of. This was war at its foulest.

But though blood has paid for blood, and "the act of retaliation has terminated," as Berlin puts it, a whole string of consequences remains to be faced. Germany has withdrawn from the control scheme and from the Non-Intervention Committee until she gets adequate guarantees against the recurrence of such events, and Italy has done likewise. For the moment, therefore, there are large gaps in the ring of the control. That does not mean that there will be an immediate rush of vessels carrying munitions to Spanish Government ports; even if the vessels and the munitions were available, the German and Italian warships in the Mediterranean would have small compunction, we imagine, in interfering with their passage. The German fleet, it is reported, is already being reinforced by a flotilla of U-boats, and if the two Fascist Powers really meant mischief, they could undoubtedly press their advantage rapidly and hard. We are confronted to-day with the results of a long course of cautious—not to say timorous—policy pitted against audacity and unscrupulousness. The Spanish affair is the Manchurian affair, the Abyssinian affair, over again. To avoid risk of offending the aggressor and therefore conceivably of becoming embroiled in war, we have been driven to giving the aggressor a free hand—or a hand only tied by the flimsiest of cotton. The rebels hold two-thirds of Spain to-day by the grace of Mussolini and Hitler, and if we do not want to see them in command of the whole peninsula, we must, our diplomatists insist, exercise the utmost care not to offend these dictators. Actually we are less likely to find ourselves at war as well as less likely to see the triumph of Fascism in Spain if our Government adopts a firmer and a more honest attitude towards Germany and Italy. By this we mean that it should stand in the Non-Intervention Committee for a policy that would make non-intervention genuine, that would change, for instance, the present ludicrous situation in which an Italian ship flying a Spanish flag, when it takes military help to General Franco, may pass unhindered through the British or French naval patrols. There will, of course, be people who will demand a complete reversal of policy on the part of Britain and France and urge that "non-intervention" should be abandoned, even at the risk of general war. That might sound like doing belated justice to the Spanish Republic. But would it, in fact, profit the Spanish Republic, or what is left of it, to be involved in a general calamity? And even if it did not come to war, the odds are that an unchecked competition in supplying Spain with arms and troops would work far more to the benefit of the rebels than of the loyalists. There is even the possibility, remote though it has always seemed, of the non-intervention policy ending, as it logically should, in the withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain—and of the gain that that would be to the Spanish Government there can be small doubt.

If, then, the policy of non-intervention is to remain, is there any hope of turning it into a reality? We believe that there is. We doubt if Germany really wants to plunge deeper into her adventure in Spain; the evidence has been for some time past that she is disposed to cut her losses and get out of the country. No doubt, the *Deutschland* incident has been a setback. But the German Government still professes to adhere to non-intervention, and only insists on the requisite guarantees for the safety of her control ships, and Italy and Portugal take the same line. Nobody knows exactly what guarantees Germany and her friends will regard as adequate, and no proposals appear to be coming from Berlin. It must be the business of the Non-Intervention Committee, therefore, which will meet within a day or two, to make the proposals. One obvious, and indeed essential, plan is to get both the Spanish Government and General Franco to agree to the extension of the system of safety zones in which all control vessels would be assured against attack. Besides this, it has been suggested that every control ship should carry on board officers of other nationalities. An alternative method—and a better one, perhaps, since it would avoid the objection to having foreign officers in a position of authority in a national warship—would be to make the control mixed, that is to say, to attach to each ship engaged on this duty another of a different nationality.

It is extremely unlikely that any Spanish aircraft, loyalist or rebel, would drop bombs on its friends, or on neutral vessels, and the presence of other ships side by side with their own would be an important safeguard against the use of the German and Italian ships on Franco's behalf.

If Hitler and Mussolini are not satisfied with such guarantees as these, it is difficult to see what will satisfy them—indeed, we should be forced to the conclusion that their demand was a sham and that they did in fact mean real mischief. It might still be possible to prevent a general conflagration by France and Great Britain alone undertaking the whole of the naval control scheme. That possibility was considered when the original scheme was under discussion, and it was their objection to it which helped to bring the Germans and Italians in. If it is threatened again, should the need arise, it may prove an inducement to them to come back.

THE TRADE UNIONS AND THE LABOUR UNREST

WITH the London bus strike over, and the threatened national coal strike averted at the eleventh hour, an opportunity presents itself for trying to survey dispassionately the present industrial situation. In the bus strikes especially, both in London and in the provinces, there were obviously cross-currents. The fight of the busmen against the bus companies was, for many of the men's local leaders, at the same time a fight against Mr. Ernest Bevin; and in London the return to work has been accompanied by leading articles in some of the newspapers congratulating Mr. Bevin on his victory over the "extremists" in his Union. These same newspapers a little while before were busily lecturing the miners' delegate conference on its iniquity in rejecting the terms originally recommended by their own leaders for a settlement of the Nottinghamshire dispute; and in the provincial bus strikes the conflict of forces was even more apparent, because the strikes were "unofficial," and were carried on without any support from trade union funds.

There is, as we pointed out some weeks ago, nothing novel in such a situation. Times of rising Trade Union activity are often heralded by unofficial strikes, which leaders intent on keeping agreements and maintaining the established methods of collective negotiation endeavour to damp down. Even where Trade Unionism is not recognised by the employers, Trade Union leaders often wish to advance more slowly to the attack than their more enthusiastic members, and especially than new converts who have a feeling that as soon as they have joined a Union it ought to start making demands and striking in their support. The leaders often want to narrow the front, in order to pay for strikes out of the contributions of those who remain at work; and they are reluctant to authorise action until they feel reasonably sure of their strength. This results in slow movement in the early stages of a period of rising prices and advancing boom; so that, at such times, wages and labour costs usually lag behind, and employers are presented with what the economists call "windfall" profits until there has been time for the Trade Unions to catch up.

This has happened again and again; but on this occasion it is complicated by factors which are unique. Communism, treated as an outlaw by both political and industrial labour, has for a long time been endeavouring to bore its way into influence by means of various rank and file movements. Politically, it has been induced of late by the gravity of the international situation to be on its best behaviour. But industrially it does not feel itself under a corresponding necessity; and undoubtedly Communists have been very active among the busmen and in other industries, not only in enrolling new members for the Trade Unions, but also in endeavouring to stir up a more militant temper by concentrating on immediate grievances, and in advocating strike action whenever they have seen a chance of victory. This in turn has made the official leaders of the Unions prone to see signs of Communist influence in every forward movement, whether the Communists have had anything to do with it or not—so that by now every active militant in the Trade Union ranks is apt to find himself denounced as a "Red agent," even if he has in fact no connection at all with the Communist Party.

Superficially, this situation bears a certain resemblance to what is now happening in the United States; for there too the battle between rival trade union tendencies has been fairly joined. But the two situations are in reality very different. The American Federation of Labour is not merely more "reactionary" than the T.U.C.—what matters more is that the Unions which belong to it make practically no effort to organise the great majority of the American working classes. The A.F. of L. is content to remain the organisation of a privileged caste of skilled workers: it hardly seems to wish the mass below it to become organised, or to care at all what happens to it. This is doubtless largely a legacy from the old days of large-scale immigration, when the existence of widely different standards of life for old-stagers and immigrants was taken for granted. But, whatever its origins, there it is; and the craft spirit is so deeply rooted in the A.F. of L. that the leaders have actually expelled one-third of the total membership sooner than modify their methods in order to enrol the main body of workers in the steel, automobile, rubber, oil and other mass-production industries. In America the C.I.O. stands for inclusive, and the A.F. of L. for exclusive Unionism; and there is no way of getting the majority of the workers organised except by breaking away from the exclusive craft traditions of the A.F. of L.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, there is no corresponding cleavage. We too have our craft Unions; but the battle here is not primarily between craft and industrial Unionism. It is mainly a dispute, not about methods of organisation, but about policy and action on the basis of the existing trade union structure. The question is whether the Trade Unions, under their present leadership and within the framework of the existing systems of collective bargaining, can act promptly and decisively enough to get the most pressing labour grievances remedied now that industry has returned to a prosperous condition. If they can, there is no need for unofficial action; if on the other hand they cannot, workmen in one trade after another will be likely, now as in previous booms, to take matters into their own hands, and not to be deterred from doing so by the fact that this is what the Communists want them to do, or that their kicking over the traces will be represented as a victory for the Communists over the "reactionary" leaders.

In both the busmen's and the miners' case, it is difficult for the public to form any conclusive judgment upon the facts. The Transport Workers' Executive and Mr. Bevin evidently think that the Court of Inquiry's report concedes them something substantial. In any case, it was plainly futile for the busmen to remain on strike unless the remaining sections were to be called out too; and if in effect these sections could not be called out without a breach of agreement, the executive clearly could not be expected to call them out. In these circumstances, if the busmen would not go back of themselves, it was obviously better for the executive to order them back than to let the dispute drag on. What remains mysterious is how the executive ever came to endow the bus section with plenary powers to conduct the dispute: so that it was under the awkward necessity of rescinding its own resolution in order to be able to resume control. It looks very much as if Mr. Bevin had been overruled when these powers were granted long before the stoppage began; and thus, very plainly, the underlying conflict inside the Union between the official leadership and the unofficial Left comes into view.

The miners' case was different; for there no question arose of an unofficial strike. The Miners' Conference rejected the terms originally put forward for ending the dispute; and the same body has now accepted the modified—but not very greatly modified—terms on which it has been settled. It is, however, a pertinent fact that the Mineworkers' Federation and the Transport Workers' Union have very different internal methods of government. The transport workers have only a biennial conference representing the Union as a whole; and between conferences the Executive Council is the supreme authority. The miners, on the other hand, settle every important issue by means of a National Conference: so that the Executive has frequent opportunities of arguing with a large gathering closely in touch with the entire membership. Such arrangements cost money; and the transport workers have preferred to spend their money on sectional conferences representing the different groups included in the Union—busmen, tramwaymen, dockers, goods transport workers, and so on. This method, in view of the diversified membership, has many advantages; but it involves, in the absence of a frequently meeting assembly of the Union as a whole, the disadvantage of laying the Executive easily open to the charge of bureaucracy, and in fact of endowing the Executive with a great deal of power—far beyond what the Miners' Executive has ever enjoyed. Such a situation as Mr. Bevin had to face in his Union could hardly have arisen among the miners; and that it has arisen points to a weakness in the democratic structure of the Transport Workers' Union.

Apart from that, the main question remains. It looks as if employers in the main industries are at present in a mood to resist demands for any major concessions, at any rate until they are much more hardly pressed. The railway companies have just rejected the claims of the railway Unions. Demands for the forty-hour week, or indeed for any reduction of working hours, are being pretty generally resisted. But prices—and profits—are rising; and in many trades besides passenger transport the pace, and the nervous strain, of labour are being increased. In these circumstances, Communists or no Communists, there will be growing unrest, unless the Trade Unions can get substantial concessions by official action. Employers would be wise to take warning while there is time, and not to presume upon the moderation displayed by the official leaders. For both France and the United States have recently shown how fast and how formidably labour unrest can extend when it is based on real and pressing grievances that have been left to fester without an attempt to put them right.

A LONDON DIARY

I FIND Dominion delegates to the Imperial Conference astonished at the lengths to which the British Government is prepared to go in tenderness to Fascist susceptibilities. They are most angry and shocked by the really surprising behaviour of the Foreign Secretary at the League Council meeting last week. Not content with requesting British press correspondents to give as little prominence as possible to the Spanish *dossier* of German and Italian aggression in Spain, Mr. Eden went to the length of publicly humiliating the New Zealand representative in order to prevent his making a proposal which no loyal member of the League could in decency have opposed, but which might have proved embarrassing to Britain's policy of one-sided non-intervention. I can find no reference to the incident in the British press, save in the columns of the *Daily Worker*; but the facts have been given me by an independent eye-witness. In New Zealand, at any rate, they are sufficient to blast for good our gentlemanly Foreign Secretary's reputation.

* * *

Acting on the instructions of his Government, whose attitude towards Britain's betrayal of the Collective System is increasingly critical, Mr. Jordan, the New Zealand representative at Geneva, had drafted notes for a speech in which he proposed to emphasise the gravity of the evidence submitted by Señor del Vayo, to expose frankly the shortcomings of "non-intervention," and to urge the Council to appoint a Committee with instructions to remain in permanent session, to watch the doings of the London Non-Intervention Committee and, if withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants were not secured within a month, to report back to the Council with a view to more forcible collective action under Article X of the Covenant. Rumours of Mr. Jordan's intention led first to intensive pressure ("the situation is much more delicate than you realise") from Mr. Eden's underlings. This proved unavailing, and the New Zealand representative was sitting at the Council table, his notes before him, awaiting his turn to speak, when Mr. Eden himself left his place and leaning over Mr. Jordan's shoulder spent ten minutes vigorously editing his notes. Passages were erased, amendments and interpolations written in, the notes left in great confusion and disarray. As a result, Mr. Jordan, who is too old a man not to be flustered and "put off his stroke" by such treatment, rose to speak, began well, floundered among his emasculated and entangled notes, ended by never making his point at all. Certainly a score for General Franco; but what New Zealand will have to say of Britain and her Foreign Secretary is no one's business.

* * *

I have yet to hear any adequate explanation of the shuffle of the personnel of the Service Departments. Why, for instance, move Mr. Duff Cooper to the Admiralty just at the moment (to quote the *Times*) "when his handling of Army problems might be supposed to be becoming informed and valuable"? That was indeed a tactful way of putting it. The fact is that Mr. Duff Cooper has been noisy, silly and quite uninformed at the War Office. He was not even a good recruiting officer. His transference to the Admiralty reminds me of the verse that used to be repeated about Mr. Winston Churchill during the war.

> There was a young man of Dundee,
> Who had had the command of the sea;
> So they gave him command
> Of the air and the land,
> Just to make it quite fair for all three.

* * *

In some respects Mr. Duff Cooper is a sort of bad imitation of Mr. Churchill. He is bright, combative, impudent and unreliable. But there the comparison stops. For Mr. Churchill's brightness is not meretricious; he has immense ability and, in spite of what is conventionally called a "chequered career," he has always had, I think, a more serious and responsible attitude to public life than Mr. Duff Cooper so far shows any sign of achieving. It would be interesting to look up Mr. Churchill's past record; was he ever content to make the sort of thin, ignorant and flippant utterance that Mr. Duff Cooper, for instance, contributed to last Wednesday's debate on profiteering in armaments? I read his speech in Hansard; it is a pitiful performance following the carefully informed and challenging speeches of Mr. Noel Baker and Mr. Tom Johnston. However, it may be that Mr. Duff Cooper, who was only temporarily at the War Office, is only temporarily at the Admiralty. I see that the *New York Times* reports that he is there to keep the office warm for Mr. Churchill! Something of the sort may well be in the wind, for Mr. Churchill, who has buried the hatchet, stated a few days ago that he had reached an understanding with the Government, and proved his goodwill by seconding the Carlton Club's welcome to Mr. Chamberlain on the ground that he was "the senior Conservative Privy Councillor, himself not always having been a Conservative." I hope Mr. Churchill does not go to the Admiralty. I distrust him in office just as I enjoy him out of office. His speech in the debate on the N.D.C. was superb.

* * *

A vague memory of a past witticism came into Mr. Churchill's mind when he was urging Mr. Chamberlain to give way and

leave face-saving to the Chinese. He recalled that Gladstone or Disraeli or someone or other, had said, "when reproached for giving way on some point, something to this effect: 'In a democratically governed country, possessing a powerful, representative, parliamentary institution, it is sometimes necessary to refer to the opinion of other people.'" The point was, I think, best put by Walter Bagehot, who wrote:

> Under free institutions it is necessary occasionally to refer to the opinions of other people, and as other people are obviously in the wrong, this is a great hindrance to the improvement of our political system and the progress of our species.

* * *

A few months ago, about the time of the abdication crisis, Charles Madge and Tom Harrisson (who was not long back from his long residence in the South Seas and had just brought out his book called *Savage Civilisation*) wrote to this journal making the not very new point that anthropology should begin at home and that no one had any really scientific knowledge about British superstitions and tribal customs, etc. The novelty was the request for help from amateur observers among readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The scheme has gone on; about a hundred observers were enlisted and the results are soon to be published of the work done on two occasions, one a normal day, February 12th, and the other on May 12th, Coronation Day. The details and significance of the idea are discussed in a pamphlet called *Mass Observation*, just published by Frederick Muller at the price of one shilling. Julian Huxley provides a Foreword.

* * *

I have often complained of the sinister conspiracy which unites dukes, speculative builders, bishops, Government offices and architects in assaults upon such architectural beauty as is left in London. A Committee of Defence has now been formed under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (a Society which hitherto has been inexplicably apathetic about eighteenth-century London). The new Georgian Group has as its secretary Mr. Douglas Goldring, who will welcome at his house, 48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10, not only guinea subscriptions, but any information about menaced buildings. I hope that the Group will be able to extract from the Trustees of the British Museum a clear statement about their rumoured ambition to wreck Bedford Square. And I humbly suggest the urgent necessity of making a list of the most important Georgian buildings left to us in London. It is mistaken tactics to waste ammunition on the defence of single houses, unless they are of quite outstanding beauty. We need to concentrate on the salvation of such noble constructions as the Regent Park terraces, Bedford Row, Park Crescent and Bedford Square. The Royal Institute of British Architects has already shown its corporate vandalism by defacing Portland Place with a building rich in the worst sort of modern sculpture. The Georgian Group will, I hope, be able to muster influential opinion to prevent the most glaring of such indecencies.

* * *

In the country district to which I regularly escape from London, pleasantly printed notices inform you that this is a footpath to the next village or the next town. This habit is as good as it is rare. It means that the local councils and the landowners who dominate them are unusually thoughtful and public-spirited. Someone sent me the last annual report of the Southern Federation of the Ramblers' Association. It records a constant struggle to look after public footpaths and suggests that the failures outnumber the successes. It points out that the chairman of the local council is often the most prominent landowner and that when he or his friends obstruct a footpath, the local gentry and tradesmen who sit with him on the Council are too dependent on his goodwill to dare to support any protest against his action even when they want to. It pays special tribute to some landlords who have co-operated in looking after the rights of pedestrians, and remarks that it is often the older type of landlord who has a sense of responsibility, who knows about village customs and respects rights of way. The most greedy and thoughtless are newcomers who bring from the town a "back garden mentality" which leads them to believe that "just as their back gardens were fenced round and forbidden to the general public, so ought their perhaps extensive estates to be." The Ramblers' Association suggests that some outside and impartial body ought to have jurisdiction in the matter. Maybe—if you can make sure of getting the right body. Another point occurs to me. In the "week-end" and dormitory district round London—now a very large area—thousands of educated and often "progressive" people have week-end or summer cottages or houses. I wonder how many of them (*a*) set to work to get to know anything about the kind of country they have invaded and the impact they make on the lives and feelings of the local population, (*b*) ever think that it may be their duty to take part in local work and do something towards preserving the amenities (to use the ugly word that alone covers beauty as well as comfort) in search of which they have presumably come to that part of the world?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss M. E. Jackson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Another week in which the importance and variety of events in Britain have caused the outer world to take a back seat.—*Sunday Times.*

The Queen bent to check her daughters' whispers, turned the leaves of their service books and, with gentle touches, restrained the natural curiosity of the two children, as would any ordinary parent.—*News Chronicle.*

A quarrel over a game of ludo led to Mrs. Maria Eastwood, of Penmaen Crescent, Conway, being fined £2 yesterday. . . . It was alleged that Mrs. Eastwood was playing ludo with a Mrs. Griffith at the Williamses' home when Mrs. Williams accused Mrs. Eastwood of cheating. The defendant, it was alleged, became violent and picked up a teacup and flung it at Mrs. Williams. The cup hit Mr. Williams in the face, cutting his nose and lip. She then hit the husband with a duck egg, which she had given Mrs. Williams earlier in the day. Mrs. Eastwood said she was provoked into doing what she did, and alleged that Percy Williams hit her with a teacup and that she had to crawl under a mangle for safety.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

There are many ways in which non-churchgoers show their belief. Ever heard a 90,000 Cup Final crowd singing "Abide With Me"?—*John Bull.*

"My car was so heavily decorated in commemoration of the Coronation that I did not see these people."

Robert Cecil Blackburn, a sanitary inspector, charged with running down a man and his wife and child at a crossing, gave Carlisle magistrates that explanation yesterday.

Police said that ribbons were strung to the top of the windscreen.

"We sympathise with you," the Mayor said, announcing a fine of £1.—*Daily Mirror.*

Other nations may sneer at the hypocritical English, but only we can carry it off in the grand manner —*Daily Sketch.*

The great moment came when the umpire, W. A. J. West, one of the most famous umpires of all times, could not be found for the group. "Where's West?" we asked. "He's gone west," swiftly retorted Mr. Stocks, maintaining the highest traditions of Uppingham humour.—*Daily Mail.*

DR. SCHUSCHNIGG AND HIS NEIGHBOURS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE face of Austria has changed indeed this spring. In the months which followed the July Agreement with Germany last year, the Austrian press appeared to succumb to the contagion of uncompromising devotion to Franco and constant abuse of the U.S.S.R.; after a certain hesitation the Austrian newspapers also plunged for a time into the Teutonic torrent of anti-Czech propaganda, and the Nazi contention that those who are not Fascists must be Bolsheviks appeared to have overcome the naturally moderate and humorous resistance of the Austrians. In many ways the most important newspaper to watch in Vienna is the *Reichspost*, since it is edited by Dr. Funder; it is clerical, that is to say, without being actually a governmental organ. Dr. Funder is an Austrian "Staatsrat," with strong so-called "national," i.e., pro-German, inclinations, and he had a good deal to do with the Austro-German *détente* of July 11th. Last autumn his newspaper was a gentlemanly version of its equivalents in Germany, occasionally regretting that the Reich, so admirable in its sympathy for Catholicism in Spain, seemed a little to lack understanding in its attitude towards Catholics in Germany. Nowadays the *Reichspost* roundly condemns the "Kulturkampf" in Germany, and on May 22nd it wrote with positively warm appreciation of the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister's speech on May 21st.

This admirable statement from Dr. Krofta was welcomed by the Austrian press as a whole; the Czechs may be unpopular in Austria, but the *rapprochement* with Prague, slender though it be, is popular enough, since it is all part of Dr. Schuschnigg's answer to Italy. If there is one thing which unites all Austrians, it is hatred of Italy. Far from feeling disheartened, people beam with satisfaction when the Venice meeting comes under discussion; they are delighted to think that Schuschnigg not only stood up to the Duce, but that he came home and publicly snubbed Signor Gayda, who was forced to accept the rebuke. The press has been gradually allowed more and more freedom in the matter of Spain, and the Austrians have been overjoyed to know that the Italians have been on the run again.

That Schuschnigg had earlier given little to Neurath, and probably refused a suggestion that the Germans should be permitted a right of way across Austria, aroused less satisfaction. Many people had, of course, been eager to depend upon Germany in place of Italy, but they tend to regard the smiles of a Germany affianced to Italy with coldness, and one even hears exaggerated accounts in Austria of German failures in Spain. In more devout circles, the Papal Encyclical of March 14th, in which the Pope unhesitatingly condemned the ideology of National Socialism and uncompromisingly referred to the persecution of Catholicism in Germany, has had its effect. Many Austrians, who believed with Bishop Hudal that the doctrine of Berchtesgaden was reconcilable with that of the Vatican, were pulled up short.

Another factor which helps to neutralise pro-German sentiment in Austria is the German tourist. For one thing, few Germans are able to come at all; for another, they are often now only able to bring three marks (it used to be ten) with them out of Germany, that is to say they cannot buy anything when they come. Many innkeepers and hôteliers, who hoped great things after July 11th, have been made grimly aware of Germany's economic difficulties. Tourist traffic as a whole is still on the up-grade, and the Austrians themselves can take ample funds with them if they wish to drink beer in Bavaria on a Sunday; thus the German restrictions are all the more striking.

But the change in Austria is mainly superficial; it must not be supposed that the Schuschnigg regime is fundamentally more popular, though its position may be temporarily stronger. The memorandum handed to the Chancellor early in May by representatives of the metal workers in Lower Austria and Styria, of the textile workers in Lower and Upper Austria, Styria and Vorarlberg and of workers in the Styrian paper industry shows that the desire for self-government in industry is unshaken. People still hope that Schuschnigg can be persuaded at least to restore the free election after free nomination of Trade Union officials, but when a vice-mayor of Vienna had to be appointed the other day he failed to choose someone in whom the workers could have confidence.

The disgruntled members of the recently disbanded *Heimatschutz* (*Heimwehr*) are drifting off to the Nazis. Herr Znidaritsch, who not long ago represented the *Heimatschutz* working-men in the Government, has just been dismissed from his post in the official metal workers' organisation on account of his Nazi sympathies. And there is always a solid wedge of fanatical Nazis, whose blind devotion to their cause is such that, if Adolf Hitler turned Communist, they would scarcely be shaken. The Nazi innkeeper in Salzburg or the Tyrol is convinced that it is all the Austrian Government's fault that the Germans do not come or have nothing to spend. Youth, of course, is overwhelmingly National Socialist, schoolchildren, students and young lecturers alike, a fact of which Germany is fully aware, and upon which Party organisation is built up. In the summer parties of schoolchildren go to the land and work for their keep with the peasants, and they are carefully prepared to bear the Nazi gospel into the remotest villages of Austria.

The most far-reaching of all Nazi weapons are the book and the film. No Austrian publisher who wishes to remain solvent is prepared to publish only for Austria and German Switzerland; he therefore refuses to burden himself with books which are unlikely to be allowed into Germany. Thus books in the Nazi spirit are the only ones which are likely to appear in present-day Austria. The same is true of films, and to act in a film has become an impossibility for Jews in Vienna, because the Viennese producers have their eye on the German market all the time.

A disquieting feature of Austrian life to-day, and one in which it is difficult to comprehend the attitude of the Government, is the headquarters of the Nazis in the *Teinfaltstrasse* in Vienna. Here the new Nazi leader, Herr Leopold, works in pseudo-official glory, and his young men sit round him quite frankly in the brown shirts of the S.A. or the black shirts of the S.S. Indeed while other Nazi centres are periodically closed by the police and their members at any rate temporarily arrested, Herr Leopold's office usurps, as it seems, the functions of the German Legation. Meanwhile it is whispered that Schuschnigg's life is threatened if he persists in keeping the Nazis out of the Government, indeed plans are said to exist for another Putsch-cum-Murder on the lines of the *coup* which cost Dollfuss his life. But the Austrian Chancellor is a very obstinate man and his speeches have indicated defiance. Meanwhile his resistance is strengthened by Herr Richard Schmitz, the exceedingly anti-Nazi Lord Mayor of Vienna, who has always preferred French to Italian or German connections, and who, with an eye to realities, is said to be organising reliable shock troops along S.S. lines in order to be ready for any emergencies. As he himself pointed out the other day, a large proportion of the Viennese population derives from the German districts of what is Czechoslovakia to-day, and it is these Sudetendeutschen in Vienna who form the backbone of Viennese National Socialism. A *rapprochement* between the Austrian Government and that of Czechoslovakia, which is believed by all Nazis to oppress its Germans, intensifies the hostility of Herr Leopold. As a matter of fact Schuschnigg's queer little mouthpiece, the *Neuigkeits Weltblatt*—a small shopkeepers' newspaper—has just (on May 26th) come out with a straight warning to Herr Leopold, a warning which may be followed up. The occasion was supplied by the Nazi demonstrations on May 23rd at the Viennese Stadion, where a German-Austrian match was being played. A fresh anti-Austrian outburst in the German press was answered by Austrian official voices with the firmness for which Venice now provides a precedent. Actually the German captain,

S.S.-man Hermann, had publicly admitted that the Nazis and not the Patriotic Front had created the disorder, though he was subsequently compelled to eat his words.

Diplomatically Schuschnigg is walking a tight-rope, but it cannot be denied that he is doing it very well. Germany and Italy will still be a menace to Austria, whatever she is able to arrange with Hungary and Czechoslovakia. If, however, Schuschnigg can facilitate the negotiations between Hungary and the Little Entente in the matter of Hungary's rearmament, it will perhaps give time for the Rome-Berlin friendship to cool off. Meanwhile a real step forward, at last, towards Danubian co-operation can be made on the basis of their common historical ties, of which Dr. Krofta has bravely reminded the Danubian peoples.

Vienna, May 26th

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE NUMBER ONE

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been telling how he was called to the telephone a few nights ago after midnight by a man who sent a message that he wished to speak to him on a matter of life and death. When the Archbishop put the receiver to his ear, he heard a voice saying: "I am the Public Conscience of Great Britain." One would have expected the great churchman's visage to brighten at the news. Here was the Public Conscience of Great Britain, which many specialists had declared to be suffering from an almost incurable form of sleepy sickness, giving evidence of renewed vitality and showing that it was alert and wakeful even in the small hours. Any leader of Nonconformity, I am sure, would have plunged into eager conversation with the Public Conscience of Great Britain and probably have invited it round for a talk. Not so the Archbishop. He replied, according to his own confession, as amiably as he could that he was not disposed to listen to more.

It may be that the Archbishop's dignity was offended and that he felt that, as head of the Established Church, he himself was the Public Conscience of Great Britain or at least of England. If so, he ought to have replied to the voice, firmly: "No, I am the Public Conscience of Great Britain," and challenged it to produce its credentials. After all, one does not become the Public Conscience of Great Britain merely by calling oneself so, and it is important that the public should be protected from impostors. In the haphazard conditions of the present day, unfortunately, anyone is at liberty to proclaim himself the Public Conscience. The public itself has no say in the matter. By its votes it can make or unmake a Prime Minister, but the question who shall be the Public Conscience of Great Britain has never been put to the electorate. There is room here, I think, for a useful innovation. I should like to see a Public Conscience of Great Britain elected every year by the votes of the people, with a Deputy Public Conscience to take his place during illness or absence abroad.

His principal duty would be to make pronouncements on the ethical aspect of all public questions. I should not like to see him given absolute authority, or citizens forbidden to challenge or criticise his judgments. At the same time, it would be of great assistance to ordinary men and women at times of crisis to have a leader who would examine the crisis from the point of view of one who was concerned only with the rights and wrongs of the matter and not at all with its economic aspects or the effect that such and such a change would have on the interests of income-tax-payers, shareholders, and others. Ethics would be more likely to dominate economics, if there were always a Public Conscience with a good salary to make the ethical situation clear.

As things are, the ethical situation is seldom clear except in war-time. In war-time alone the vast majority of human beings have clear conceptions of right and wrong in public affairs, and will pursue what is right even if this is economically unsound. A nation going to war raises the banners of Justice, Honour, Freedom, and Humanity; and, if anyone asks, "But isn't this going to be very expensive?" he is regarded as a base creature whose soul is in his money-bags. During war statesmen and common men would be ashamed to profess any but the highest purposes. What does money matter if Right triumphs? It may cost a few thousand millions, but if it cost millions of millions, it would make no difference. The public conscience is awake, and, while the public conscience is awake, the public purse is open. It is no wonder that Ruskin praised the moral influence of war. It is only during war that the common man becomes a complete moralist and shuts his ears to the craven counsel: "We can't afford it."

Now, if there were a Public Conscience elected with the duty of reminding people of the claims of morality in peace as well as in war, I think we should make much more rapid progress towards the Utopia. But in peace-time we become much less unanimous in extolling Justice, Humanity, Freedom, and so forth, and very much readier to listen to those who tell us: "We can't afford it." I am not enough of an optimist to believe that there are no limits to what we can afford; but the history of wars proves that, when once we begin to think in terms of Right instead of in terms of money, we can afford far more than we ever believed we could afford. Anyhow, whether we can afford it or not, we spend it; and civilisation—of a kind—somehow survives.

It would be the function of the Public Conscience to raise our minds above the level of the question: "What can we afford?" and to concentrate them on the question: "What ought we to do?" After all, the "What-can-we-afford?" people were nearly always wrong in the past. They impeded reform after reform by persuading large numbers of people that reform would mean economic ruin. They defended low wages and long hours on the ground that industry would collapse under a system which would enable the workers to live tolerable lives. They insisted that children must sweat in sunless factories under the half-time system because industry could not afford to do without their labour. They fought against Old Age Pensions, though, to do them justice, it must be said that they fought against pensions not merely on economic but on moral grounds, maintaining that the prospect of getting five shillings a week at the age of seventy would sap the virtue of Thrift in the working classes. Slum clearances and the provision of decent shelter for human beings—how much greater progress would have been made in this direction if a Public Conscience had been constantly saying to us: "It is not my business to ask how much these things will cost, but I tell you it is not right that any child should be left to grow up in an inferno of filth and overcrowding."

It has been maintained that it is only as an individual that man has a conscience and that, when men form themselves into groups, the groups tend to become more and more conscienceless. Thus the morality of nations is said to be lower than the morality of individuals. Nations composed of normally good men will certainly steal and murder with a lack of conscience unusual in a private citizen. There has never been an empire built up without the use of methods that would have been considered criminal in a pirate. Self-interest has even been defended as the only sane motive in the conduct of nations. It was d'Annunzio, I think, who glorified "sacred egoism" as a national virtue. Germany claimed the right to march through Belgium because to do so was necessary in her own interests. One of the great arguments formerly used against Irish Home Rule was that for strategic reasons England could not afford to grant Ireland the freedom which she advocated for all other countries inhabited by white men. One of Mussolini's reasons for intervening in Spain is, apparently, that Italy cannot afford to have a Communist country in the Mediterranean. It is true that nations are not always frank in their selfishness. As they set out on their wars of spoliation, they reveal a Chadbandian fondness for the phrases of rectitude. This is possibly a good thing. It may prove that nations have con-

sciences after all, even if they seldom allow their actions to be influenced by them. It seems to me that, while a conscience exists, there is some hope of appealing to it. And, if every country had a Public Conscience to help it to discriminate between right and wrong at a crisis, we might find nations before long behaving almost as morally as individuals. At present we have a good deal of the cant of morality which only confuses people's minds: with a Public Conscience to assist us in clearing our minds of cant, we might begin to see things as they are and feel uneasy at the notion of basing our welfare on the miseries of our fellow-men.

There have been a good many signs in recent generations that such a thing as a group conscience exists. But it is still in its infancy, and is untrustworthy and intermittent in its activities. It bestirred itself for a moment when it freed the slaves, but it awoke only spasmodically to the condition of the white slaves of England. Dickens, Ruskin and others did much to arouse it on occasion, but none of them had the authority of an official Public Conscience or the time to analyse the rights and wrongs of every situation as it arose. Influential groups felt that they had only to bide their time till the immature and unofficial public conscience fell asleep again. And they were right. That is why we have still unemployment and the Means Test.

If there had been an official Public Conscience, it is certain that the many injustices of the Means Test would never have been tolerated. If there had been an official Public Conscience, it is unlikely that we should have had a bus strike. For lack of one the public was hopelessly at sea as to the rights and wrongs of the dispute and saw the whole thing as a confused tale of gastric troubles and the rights of shareholders. In the future I have outlined such muddle-headedness will be impossible.

And, having elected a Public Conscience for each country, the nations, I hope, will proceed to elect Public Consciences for larger areas—for Europe or the whole civilised world. This would be of immense service to the League of Nations, which naturally cannot concern itself entirely with ethical questions. Cynics may reply that the League of Nations, tried to play the part of a Public Conscience in the Abyssinian affair. But what I look forward to is the election of a Public Conscience whose pronouncements will carry as much weight as the words of the oracle of Delphi. A dream? I do not think so. And even the greatest men shrank from disobeying the oracle.

Y. Y.

MYSTERY FISHES OF OUR MENU

IT is a curious fact that whereas our nation has from early times distinguished itself for daring and resource upon the high seas, it has ever been extraordinarily lacking in adventurous spirit as regards availing itself of the sea's food resources. The old saying "There's lots of good fish in the sea" would indeed seem to have little meaning for the average diner. Of the hundred odd different kinds of fish found in home waters, only one, the file fish, a rare summer visitor, is definitely unfit for food. Yet only about twenty species commonly find their way to the average dinner table, and so unreasoning is our prejudice regarding what is and what is not "fit for food" that some of our best table fish have to be disguised by "fancy" names of one kind or another.

Shark, for example, possibly heads the average Englishman's list of "taboos" regarding sea fishes. It is of little avail to point out that extensive shark fisheries are now organised all over the world, or that shark flesh is largely eaten by people of all nations. Most people in this country would prefer to forgo fish food of any kind rather than be reduced to eating shark—as such. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and in 1903 the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries realised that such a heavy toll was being taken of the few "approved" fishes, that it was imperative other species should be added to the list, if the markets were to be adequately supplied. The Board of Fisheries therefore made, in conjunction with the Marine Biological Association, a thorough investigation of the edible qualities of the many small sharks—commonly termed dogfish, which had hitherto been considered as only fit for crab- and lobster-pot bait. The result was that half a dozen species of these miniature sharks were introduced to the public under such euphemious titles as "Flake," "Hus," "Robinhus," etc., and by these names the fish are now generally approved. In 1906, over 20,542 cwts. of dogfish were sold. The war did much to increase the popularity of these coastal fish which could be safely taken inshore at a time when the open sea was strewn with floating mines. In 1919 the weight of dogfish landed had risen to 47,687 cwts., valued at £1 0*s.* 10*d.* per cwt. In Canada and U.S.A. dogfish are largely canned, or sold fresh under the name of "grey fish."

Few names are more replete with mystery than that of "rock salmon." This most aristocratic appellation covers at least three widely different kinds of fish, none of which would be recognised by the average consumer if seen in their entirety. The name should, strictly speaking, be applied only to a handsome steel-blue member of the cod family, commonly met with in deep water off Iceland and the Faröes. A great deal of rock salmon, however, is supplied by the sea wolf, or "cat," a gigantic blennie, also abundant in far northern waters. The "cat" as it is known aboard steam trawlers is a most formidable creature, habitually feeding on enormous clams which it cracks, with its powerful teeth, into pieces the size of a half-crown. The toughest lobster and oyster shells are similarly triturated, the fish well deserving its Icelandic title of "stone eater." A well-filled cat fish stomach resembles nothing so much as a generously loaded Christmas stocking.

Yet another source of rock salmon is the angler fish. The head of this creature is enormous, and the gape so extensive that a large specimen can swallow a gannet whole. Normally the fish lurks upon the sea bed, and lures smaller fish within reach of its densely toothed jaws by means of certain dorsal fin rays modified to form movable rods, tipped with flaps of skin that suggest tempting morsels to the unsuspecting prey. The head of this fish is invariably removed aboard the trawler to save room when stowing the fish in the ice holds. It frequently happens that a trawler following a few miles behind a sister ship makes an extensive haul of these discarded heads, an occurrence which never fails to call up all the fisherman's powers of homely rhetoric.

All flat fishes commend themselves to the orthodox diner, but here again the prejudice in favour of certain kinds forces the trade to resort to many innocent subterfuges. The coarse-eating witch, for example, is usually exploited as "Torbay sole," even though it be taken hundreds of miles from Devon waters. Megrim similarly parades as sole, brill and turbot, and a certain restaurant invariably orders megrims under the title of "Scotch soles." The Billingsgate dealer when first receiving the order for these fish—at fourpence a pound, was completely at a loss, never having heard of Scotch soles at this price. To clear up the mystery the restaurateur was invited to come to the market and point out the fish he had in mind, and great was the dealer's amazement when megrims were indicated. This occurred many years ago, yet megrims are still "Scotch soles" in this particular restaurant.

"Whitebait" is another term lending itself to amusing ambiguity. Scientifically, no such fish as whitebait exists. Actually the "bait," once such a famous feature of Greenwich restaurants, is composed of young herrings at one time of the year or sprats at another, with a seasoning of sand eels, blennies and gobies. Even with this wide range covered by "whitebait," only about thirty-four of the one hundred and ten native fishes common to home waters are classed as edible. Our large foreign populace, however, takes a much wider view of what fish may be eaten, and the markets of Soho frequently display many "tabooed" fishes, which are appetising in flavour and colourful to the eye. Winter often provides the vivid scarlet "Norway haddock" and in spring may be seen the brilliant

salmon-pink Berycoid fish known as "sun bream." Summer provides one of the greatest of all delicacies, the elongated, snipe-billed, silvery "gar fish" or "mackerel guard." These fish, sold at sixpence a pound, are taken off the west and southern coasts in large numbers, and when cooked have a mackerel-like flavour. For the benefit of English consumers, the restaurateur is careful to remove the spine bones, or this fish would at once be classed as untouchable. For some reason the gar fish's skeleton is coloured a vivid green, the pigment being due to chlorophyl. Finally, severe winter brings to Soho large consignments of a marine mollusc—the cuttle fish—regarded by most people as little less than a nightmare. Properly prepared, however, it might pass, both in appearance and flavour, as lobster, and it may be mentioned that it has entered more than one respectable household, disguised as such, by the simple camouflage of an attractive tin, appropriately labelled!

E. G. BOULENGER

NO FLOWERS

League of Nations Assembly. May, 1937.

"SAY not the struggle naught availeth!"
We still discuss the status quo.
Geneva's radiant sunrise paleth,
There lingers yet the afterglow.

And none the less the world advances
Piecemeal towards our peaceful goal
Though we perceive when circumstances
Have passed beyond the League's control.

Though there be reason for dejection
In Abyssinia, Danzig, Spain,
Such instances of imperfection
Are lessons never learned in vain.

Freed from the idealist's confusion
We hold the realistic view,
And banning sanctions and exclusion,
A broader covenant renew.

No more impatient of fruition,
Each painful setback we survive,
More constant in decomposition
Than when we thought we were alive.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

LABOUR POLICY AND ORGANISATION

SIR,—Some 2½ columns of Crossman "on losing elections" and 1¼ columns of persons criticising his 2½ have managed to miss the main point with that regularity which is in itself the explanation of how Labour loses elections. It has been argued that Labour policy is at fault; and that "the policy is all right, it's the party machinery that's at fault." Everyone, throughout the Labour movement, seems to assume that policy or system can be applied or improved by better leadership and/or better local organisation. There is no suggestion that any new data are desirable. And particularly there is no suggestion that most of the arguments of politics are now detached from the ordinary life of many people, so that the party holding the key to power in this country to-day is the party of persons who don't vote.

Your correspondents do not mention the non-voter. On other matters they express their personal opinions. It is remarkable that a discussion on a matter as vital as this is unsupported by any use of proven facts. Had persons of equivalent eminence as ornithologists been discussing why sparrows prefer pecking yellow crocuses to white ones, objective or experimental data would have been adduced in support of their arguments, or suggested as a result of them. Mr. Crossman begins to recognise this limitation when he italicises "the party needs . . . above all, *to study the day-to-day needs and discontents of the non-political voter.*" He apparently refers here to the persons who do vote but are not really interested in politics. He uses "elector" to cover *all* those who have a vote, and a little earlier he has said that the main thing is to "build a party machine willing to stop discussing policy for a year or two and get down to the job of converting some of the Tory workers into supporters of the Labour Party," and again "it is the Tory voter who must be converted." He does not suggest that any attention be given to 11,500 persons who did not vote in his bye-election; and who might perhaps be induced to vote Labour (i.e. for him) at least as easily as the others might be "converted."

But no. The non-voter has no political existence. Yet he, and especially she, is as much a human being as the Tory voter. She has self-interests and social interests, likes and dislikes. Clearly there are many changes that she would welcome and towards which she might move as far as putting a cross on a piece of paper. Millions of working people are now being well-conditioned into such activity at the cost of 6*d.* a week in the football pools. Littlewood offers an alternative to Transport House, a chance in a million for better things; the opinion is growing that Transport House offers less chance than Littlewood. Mr. Crossman puts it: "Millions of people still (*sic*) read the racing page, because, on the whole, conditions are not bad enough to drive them into politics." What his evidence for this chain of reasoning is I do not know; such major assumptions about motives for political mindedness and sports page-mindedness suggest how much the working-class movement has suffered from leaders who have evening suits.

Mr. Crossman advocates that the machine that broke down in 1931 should be rebuilt. What reason is there to suppose that it will be effective in 1941? He advocates a moratorium on policy discussion. That is reasonable, if it is confined to discussion of the same old issues. He sensibly advocates investigation into the day-to-day needs of certain voters. But who is to do this investigation? He implies that those within the party machinery can do it. Very doubtful. It would entail a careful analysis which would be bound to become partly self-critical; he says there has been eneough of that. In fact, only an objective approach can hope to give any new angles on such a problem as converting the Tory. That is an anthropological problem. It can only be approached in the attitude of scepticism and doubt; this is the attitude of science, which controls so much of our present and future. Political and philosophic discussions to-day are no more sensitive to science than was the Christian attitude to Genesis a hundred years ago. There is a parallel between development in the Labour Party and the Christian Church.

In the meanwhile the non-voter is left to non-vote. To suggest that he is other than dumb is to suggest that there is something wrong with existing parties. The implication, that party minds dare not contemplate, is: if there are people who do not vote, but could be got to vote, they would do so for a policy or a party unlike any of those at present available. Politicians may care to know that a detailed research is at present being made into this problem.

TOM HARRISSON

85 Davenport Street,
Bolton.

SIR,—Does Mr. Strauss really think he is helping to increase "the keenness with which a number of individuals are inspired to sacrifice themselves for the Labour Cause" by belittling the Party's elected leaders and disparaging the Party's programme?

Happily the lead which has been given by the issue of an attractive and practical short term programme has produced a widespread and enthusiastic response. Copies of the new programme are selling like hot cakes (nearly a quarter of a million so far, I hear) and what is most urgently needed, as Mr. Crossman says, is that every ounce of energy should now be utilised in building efficient constituency organisations. Better employment, I think, than crying stinking fish.

JOHN WILMOT

24 Kennington Palace Court,
Sancroft Street, S.E.11.

SIR,—Mr. R. H. Crossman's article, like everything he writes, will act (in the simple words of a seventeenth century pamphlet) as a kick behind for the heavy backsided. I have, however, lived through the period when it was the vogue to discover that no true Marxist could approve of leadership. I am not so confident as Mr. Crossman that, in the scale of electioneering priorities,

the personality of the political leaders is to be ranked as third, and " how those personalities are presented to him, depends not on their own capacities but on the skill of the agent, the canvasser and the press—in fact on the Party machine." When in doubt swat the agent is an old maxim, congenial to our frailties, but not necessarily sound.

Personality and policy are, I suggest, more intimately connected, more important, than is allowed for. Roosevelt, who would have been lost without it, yet did not win on his " machine." Lenin was no fool in insisting on policy and theory behind it. Gladstone had no machine boss to " put him over " in Midlothian. Lansbury has not a machine.

The electorate has become apathetic about Labour's policy because it suspects that Labour has had not one policy, but seven. And, in the day of victory, they know not which will be its policy. These segments have, as yet, no magnetic focus in personalities. (The " machine " might publicise its personalities more, as Roosevelt was publicised; but this is a secondary point). The heart of the matter is that the Party has, until recently, been a crazy patchwork of fundamentally different views. A Pacifist, Marxist enemy of wars waged by capitalist governments, purple in the face from demanding collective sanctions, blue in the gills apologising for colonial imperialism, in steely opposition to German claims, supporting the Baldwinian monarchy, the class war, the customs of Queen Victoria, Trade Unionism and Free Trade. This is the body of opinion to which the Executive has had to give a head. Let me add that the Conservatives have been in little better case.

It is not possible to run in loyal harness those who aim at different objectives. There are Marxist Socialists who seek, as their goal, a society comparable to that directed from the Kremlin, which Trotsky has recently described as having " generalised want " . . . under " the same old gendarme, although in a new uniform." There are those Socialists, of the British Owenite tradition (and proud of it), who aim at achieving the best available combination of the material and scientific efficiency of America, under social control, with the popular equalitarianism of Norway, and the right of the common man to tell jacks-in-office where they " get off." These two groups have not, at present, a common vision, nor is the cause of honesty served by pretending it.

I would suggest to Mr. Crossman that what is pre-eminently required at the moment is downrightness of policy. This may mean that the Marxist Left will secede from the Party and form a United Front with the already united Maxton and Pollitt. This would clarify the whole situation for those who are prepared to fight on the line hitherto maintained (against the recent United Front signatories) by the British Labour Party, but *not* on that of Messrs. Gollancz, Laski and Strachey. The Labour Party would gain unity of mind and integrity of spirit. Its admirable Immediate Programme would be received as a sincere statement of present objectives.

Quite definitely, as a matter of working expedience, I do not regard it as out of the question that " United Front," Liberals and Labour might confederate in a Popular Front, formed for specific objectives. Each section would have its own final policy, outlook, discipline and loyalty. Naturally, however, this is not a policy likely to commend itself either to the Socialist League, which lacks numbers—no, not even in any future incarnation—or to the Left Wing Book Club triumvirs, who do not lack ambition. It would yet have the merit that it would give these comrades a clear field, a hell of their own, within which they could draw up their own prescriptions and proscriptions, divide into Stalinists and Trotskyites, and have other diversions, without affecting the integrity and nerve of the Labour Party in conjunction with the Trade Unions and Co-operatives. GEORGE CATLIN

2 Cheyne Walk,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

SIR,—As one who played a small part in the West Birmingham by-election, may I make just two comments on Mr. Crossman's excellent article " On Losing Elections "? Mr. Crossman says that intricate questions of policy don't matter to the mass of unattached electors. I agree. But does that not rather damage the Transport House contention that the Red Bogey of Communist affiliation to the Labour Party would alienate these electors? I think it does and that it is important for us to realise that the problem is almost wholly one of effective organisation. But if we are to get that organisation in the Local and Divisional Labour Parties, we must have a policy which inspires real enthusiasm and crusading zeal in our own rank-and-file to carry them through the dull routine work. Mr. Crossman points out that Divisional Parties talk a lot about policy, but often fail to organise properly. Is he not involved in a vicious circle? The D.L.P.s are not going to be enthused to organise day-in day-out for a policy decided by someone else or with which they are dissatisfied. Until their claims on policy are properly met, you'll not give them the will-to-power that alone sustains their members in the laborious task of canvassing and " making members."

Elm Cottage, STEPHEN SWINGLER
Finchingfield, Essex.

COMMON SENSE AND MAGIC

SIR,—If common sense demands that the Commonwealth of Republics that form the British Empire should have a human being crowned as the symbol of its unity I am not at all sure that you are right in your objection to the magic surrounding that ceremony. Every symbol has its sacred character, every God its idol, every Church its sacrament or Pope. It is needed in each case perhaps as one of the " lies " (see review of R. H. Crossman's book on Plato in the same number of your paper) that must be expressed to catch the imagination of " the masses."

For my own part I am not convinced that the sentiments which bind the free nations of the Commonwealth together really require this outward and visible sign of their existence. Anyway it seems to me to carry with it two peculiar dangers. First, it provides a powerful citadel for the stupid " King and country " type of conservatism to rally round. Secondly, a unity dependent on allegiance to a particular crown too easily becomes a stumbling block to the wider unity for which the modern world is crying out—the universal unity visualised by the League of Nations.

45 Overstrand Mansions, S.W.11. ARTHUR DAVIES

SELFRIDGE'S DECORATIONS

SIR,—Your " cheap sneer " at Selfridge's Coronation decorations will not become more expensive if I join in it. Still I do join in it. I thought them awful. They suggest nothing so much as a vulgar old woman, who has trotted out every scrap of her finery, including her cameos, for an unaccustomed airing, and bonnetted herself with tassels and tomfoolery. No wonder she is going on to Delhi. It is the very place for her. For she breathes the very spirit of commercialised art. The spirit which has, under British auspices, already destroyed or perverted the native cultures of India.

Not far from her present abode could be seen the decorations of another firm in which I have no financial interest—Messrs. John Lewis. These were dignified, charming, imaginative and original, and consequently they have attracted little attention.

Reform Club, S.W. E. M. FORSTER

FOOD

SIR,—Efforts are now being made on all sides to improve the physical condition of the nation. This being so, I should like to suggest the following drastic reforms, which seem to me to be long overdue:

(1) Constant Government inspection of all persons and premises connected with the handling and supply of food.

(2) Close all hotels, eating houses and restaurants whose owners cannot, after inspection, obtain an " Efficiency and Health Licence." The granting of such licence to depend on the qualifications of those in control, the cleanliness and suitability of the premises and the cleanliness and health of the personnel.

(3) Prohibit the employment of all cooks who have not had six years' intensive training at some recognised school in every branch of practical and scientific gastronomy. This also to apply to hotel and catering managers. This would abolish the existing exploitation of child labour under the euphemism of " Apprenticeship."

(4) The establishment in at least one university of a college for the training of caterers. This training to be both medical and gastronomical. This course of training should lead to positions of substantial salary for obvious reasons, the chief being to attract to the profession a high type of entrant.

(5) Inspectors and advisors should be men of the highest integrity, well paid and possessing a wide practical and scientific knowledge of catering.

(6) Periodical medical examination of all cooks and those connected with the handling and preparation of food.

(7) A general tightening up of the laws governing synthetic foods.

The causes which impair health and shorten life are numerous. Indiscriminate eating, foul air, lack of sleep, want of recreation and exercise are only some. Much has been done and is being done to remedy these, but adulteration of food is still rife in spite of a certain amount of Government supervision.

Meat, milk and factory produce are subject to Government inspection up to the point when they leave the factory, but what happens between that time and the time they actually reach the mouth of the consumer?

In this country meat and fish are often exposed for sale by the roadside in open shop fronts and on stalls. This is never permitted in Sydney, where it is also illegal to serve customers on cracked or chipped china. Italy, too, has taken very drastic steps in these matters and I cannot believe that the difference between our climate and their's alone is enough to absolve us from legislation in the matter.

The head of a large training school, unfortunately the only one doing this work on a large scale, remarked to me the other day that he would like to see the social status of the cook raised, attracting thereby a better type of man. I hope the caterer of the future will evolve from the cooks of to-day in the same way as the distinguished surgeons of 1937 have developed from the old-time leeches.

IAN SINGER

2 Brookside, Cambridge.

AN APOSTLE OF *LAISSER FAIRE*

SIR,—In your current issue Mr. G. D. H. Cole does me the honour of reviewing my *Economic Planning and International Order* under the title "An Apostle of Laisser Faire."

I hardly think that it would appear, either from this title or from the notice which follows, that the book in question does in fact contain emphatic and repeated repudiation of the negative attitude to government implied by the term *laisser faire*. The main object of my book is to present liberalism, not as a negation of all kinds of public planning, but as itself a plan which, unlike others, will operate without producing poverty and danger to the peace of the world.

Is the friendly solution of these difficult and urgent problems really greatly advanced by attributing to those from whom we differ opinions which they do not hold and which they in fact repudiate?

LIONEL ROBBINS

10 Meadway Close,
Hampstead, N.W.11.

[G. D. H. Cole writes:—I had certainly no intention of misrepresenting Professor Robbins; and, despite his letter, I am not conscious of having done so. I doubt if any advocate of *laisser faire* ever adopted a purely negative attitude to government, or indeed one much more negative than Professor Robbins adopts in this book. I am, of course, aware that Professor Robbins regards liberalism as itself constituting a sort of "plan"; but this bears a close resemblance to the "natural economic harmony" which lies at the basis of the theory of *laisser faire*.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

STATION COMFORT

SIR,—Mr. Marsden, who writes as "the Information Agent" of the L. & N.E.R., obviously has to make the best of a bad job, but if he would like to see how travellers should be catered for in station refreshment rooms, I would suggest he takes a journey to Cologne, Munich or Basle.

But then our railway refreshment bars have been a source of merriment to some and irritation to others for years past. Not all the schedule of times of opening which Mr. Marsden gives will convince travellers that British railway station refreshment rooms are not miles behind their continental contemporaries.

House of Commons. F. J. BELLENGER

MOWING

SIR,—I am discouraged, as hitherto an admirer of "Critic," by the defeatist strain in which his reflections of last week close. Unless he is older—very much older—than the usual sprightliness of his column would suggest, and his field really no meadow but a deer park, let him not be blackmailed by these old husbands' tales of the exhaustions which follow scything, and the rewards appropriate to those who undergo them. I too, in advanced middle age, was pitched the same fables as have been put across him over his pint of mild-and-bitter. I refused to be intimidated. I bought myself a scythe and whetting stone; got an old man to give me a lesson, and nowadays look forward to mowing as among the pleasantest of summer occupations.

I beg "Critic" to do likewise. I cannot tender him my exertions—my own meadow grass is too forward; I can only offer him my example. But on the day that he first embeds the tip of his scythe in his meadow, I shall hope, if his estate be not too distant, to pay him a flying call. I will bring with me for his encouragement some shadow of the admiration, if as yet, perhaps, none of the envy, with which last Friday I watched Mr. Keeling of Somerset, aged 62, win the first prize, and Mr. Brooks, J.P., of Bradford-on-Avon, aged 79, carry off the honours of the mowing competition at the Bath and West Show.

STEPHEN TALLENTS

St. John's Jerusalem,
Sutton-at-Hone, Kent.

A FORGED LETTER

SIR,—The appearance of the notorious letter from Queen Elizabeth to the Bishop of Ely in *The Royal Letter Book* affords unwelcome proof of the vitality of an impudent forgery. It has deceived many historians, apparently including your reviewer, but it has no claim to acceptance. It first appeared in the *Annual Register* in 1761, when its "discoverer" declared that he had found it among the papers at Ely House, but he was never able to produce it.

CYRIL H. NORTON

14 Osborne Road,
Clifton, Bristol, 8.

I JOINED THE ARMY

SIR,—With reference to *Fact's* issue containing Private XYZ's "I Joined the Army," on which Critic commented last week, it will doubtless interest your readers to know that XYZ, in real life Mr. Frank Griffin, has written a full-length account of his army experiences, from which *Fact* made a brief selection. The complete book will be issued by this firm as soon as possible.

Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd. FREDERIC J. WARBURG
22 Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer has echoed a general impression that the plays offered in recent weeks to our Coronation visitors have not, perhaps, represented the English Theatre at its best. He asks what other dramatists (beside Mr. Auden and Mr. Isherwood) have we got? This is to slant the blame for a faintly abhorrent vacuum on to a capable and conscientious body of men; for we undoubtedly *have* dramatists and the question implies that they are living in idle splendour and allowing the case for the English Theatre to go by default.

I cannot believe that Mr. O'Casey, Mr. Lennox Robinson, Mr. van Druten, Mr. Mordaunt Shairp, Mr. Clifford Bax, Mr. Rodney Acland (to mention half a dozen names at random) could not supply superior articles out of stock if they were approached tactfully. Mr. Maugham has gone out of business, but he has written plays of more contemporary interest than *The Constant Wife*. Mr. Shaw's two latest plays have been awaiting a London production for two years and I cannot think they are less entertaining than some of the plays that infuriate Mr. Morgan and fail to attract anybody.

The question to be asked is surely what other managements (beside Mr. Blank, Mr. Dash and Sir So-and-so Such-and-such) have we got?

JAMES BRIDIE

MUSIC FOR ARISTOPHANES

SIR,—The paragraph which appeared in one of your recent issues, commenting on the Royal College of Art Theatre Group's production of our version of "The Peace" of Aristophanes, has been brought to our notice, and we feel that your reviewer's remark that: "It seems impossible for anyone to add music to Greek plays, without making it dreary" should not be thought to apply to Mr. Derek Allen's music, which was used in the original production by the Stage Society last summer. The Royal College of Art were unable for technical reasons to use Mr. Allen's music, which was described by Mr. Allan Dent in the *Manchester Guardian* as being one of the most interesting features in the production, "scored for strings and recorders and ranging in mood from the Lydian to the late Victorian." In point of fact there was also a syncopated song!

EMANUEL WAX
OSSIA TRILLING

63 York Terrace, N.W.1.

Miscellany

SIMON BUSSY

THE art of M. Simon Bussy is not yet as widely known as it ought to be. And the reason, I think, is that he was born in the wrong century, perhaps in the wrong Continent. A fellow-student with Matisse, he has always persistently followed his own course, while everyone else has been running helter-skelter in the opposite direction. Painters, and following them, the cultivated public, have disinterested themselves increasingly from the representation of the material world. Picasso disarticulates phenomena, and creates from the debris prodigious decorations expressive of the turmoil of his own imagination. Matisse, more restrained but almost equally impatient with *choses vues*, passes them as it were through an enchanted mangle, and delights our eyes with a flattened world in which girls and wallpapers and rocking-chairs, olive-trees and flags and the Mediterranean sea, lose their identity to become component parts of a varicoloured arabesque, instruments whose specific notes cannot be separated from the general orchestral effect. Meanwhile, M. Bussy sits calmly in the Zoo, and looks at Chanchitos and Cyclids, Red Admirals and Pipe Vine Swallowtails. He may be a mystic, he may merely like the looks of birds and fish and butterflies. In any case his pastels suggest the birdiness of birds, the fishiness of fish, more effectively than any other European paintings that I know of.

At the Leicester Galleries there is now an exhibition of his pastels. They are very small pictures. Sometimes there is a pair of fish, occasionally a group of butterflies or blossoms. But the arrangement of objects, though always elegant as a *mise en page*, is subsidiary. Nature has made M. Bussy's sitters decorative, and he refrains from adapting them to any extrinsic purpose of his own. (There is one pastel only, of a Snow Egret, in which he seems to have for a moment forgotten the bird in order to make a decoration, and I think that this is the least successful work in the exhibition.) The contemplation of which these pictures are the result seems to me different in kind from the attention with which eighteenth and early nineteenth century illustrators regarded the subjects on which they were working for their ornithological and ichthyological plates. Admirable these frequently were, lively sometimes as well as "life-like," but M. Bussy's beasts, for all their accuracy, have an added quality which I can only call "ideal." The extreme purity of the artist's vision and execution strips his subjects of all that is accidental as if they were outside time. The proud, perky look of the Sun Bird, the astonished eye cocked by the Brazilian Hangnest, the malevolence of the Coral Fish, the stupidity of the Chanchito in its almost furry skin of elephant-grey—these are amazingly caught and characterised. Those who love looking at birds and fish will find these pictures irresistible. But I believe that I am not deluded by my own passion for the inhabitants of the Zoo when I discover in M. Bussy's works a pleasure different from anything I experience in Regent's Park. The skill with which fishy iridescence and the texture of feathers are rendered is extraordinary, but these Coral Fish, this Malay Shama, this Oak Silk-Moth, this Bird of Paradise, mysteriously transcend their originals. They seem the prototypes of which the living beasts are copies. The clumsy vocabulary on which the art-critic has usually to depend in order to suggest his meaning, here is useless. Talk of composition and *matière*, planes and recessions, throws no light upon these pictures. Nor do the hours spent in the picture galleries of Europe suggest any valid analogy. But perhaps a critic brought up in the tradition of Chinese Art might be able to find spiritual ancestors for M. Bussy among the great names of the Far East.

The science of applied aesthetics, one must confess, is making little progress. Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell conclusively demonstrated that visual art is not dependent for its value upon subject-matter, that it can even dispense with representation. And this led them, at least temporarily, to underestimate the part played by representation in most works of visual art. Mr. Herbert Read has usefully insisted upon the importance of the appeal to the subconscious mind, but too often the works with which he exemplifies his theories seem to lack all aesthetic value. (I confess that in Dali I can see little but a Frith who prefers cruelty and lust to domesticity.) Then there are the earnest "Marxian" critics, who incline to dismiss the best pictures as "escapist" or "private." Watteau and Marcus Stone are deemed equally unworthy of attention, and the living artist is requested to confine himself to the detailed representation of handsome athletic workers and leering, pot-bellied capitalists. Criticism on this basis is so blinkered that it can only harm the cause it seeks to serve.

None of these theories throws any light upon such an artist as M. Bussy. Are we, then, to decide against his paintings? It will be wiser, I think, to believe the evidence of our eyes, and to enlarge whatever aesthetic theory we may fancy, until it comprehends these lovely, modest and exciting pictures.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

WAR PHOTOGRAPH

I HAVE an appointment with a bullet
At seventeen hours less a split second
—And I shall not be late.

Where the sun strikes the rock and
The rock plants its shadowed foot
And the breeze distracts the grass and fern frond.

There, in the frond, the instant lurks
With its metal fang planned for my heart
When the finger tugs and the clock strikes.

I am that numeral which the sun regards,
The flat and severed second on which time looks,
My corpse a photograph taken by fate;

Where inch and instant cross, I shall remain
As faithful to the vanished moment's violence
As love fixed to one day in vain.

Only the world changes and time its tense
Against the creeping inches of whose moon,
I launch my wooden continual present.

The grass will grow its summer beard and beams
Of light melt down the waxen slumber
Where soldiers lie dead in an iron dream;

My corpse be covered with the snow's December
And roots push through skin's silent drum
When the years and fields forget, but the whitened bones
remember.

STEPHEN SPENDER

TOSCANINI

WHEREVER there are musicians gathered together one of the subjects of discussion is likely to be Toscanini. Last year at Salzburg in course of conversation with a well-known German composer and conductor he showed me an essay he had written for an American paper on Toscanini, in which he declared that such a phenomenon as Toscanini would not come again for another hundred years. But it would not be correct to say that every notable conductor and musician of our time fully appreciates Toscanini's merits. There are some, indeed, who even do not understand why their fellow-musicians have such a high opinion of him. But these cases we may dismiss as examples of limitations in the respective musicians themselves. More interesting is the attitude of the very few among living musicians who fully appreciate and understand Toscanini's greatness but yet have a criticism to make and are qualified to make it.

One of these, whom I shall not name, made a remark in a discussion about Toscanini some time ago which struck me

so forcibly that I remember the exact words used, which were these: "Toscanini is a flame but not a source." At the time I thought much about this phrase but was not wholly convinced of its justness. Last week, however, at the Queen's Hall, after the first of the six concerts which Toscanini is giving with the B.B.C. orchestra, it came back to me, and I was convinced for the first time of its correctness, which I shall now try to demonstrate. But, first of all, I must make one reservation, which is this, that I am not yet convinced that Toscanini is quite incapable of being a "source." I am only sure that during this first concert, while there was ample evidence of the "flame," there was no evidence at all of the "source."

What does one mean by this distinction between "flame" and "source"? It may be possible to define the essence of artistic genius as "vitality." But obviously there seems to be not only different degrees but different kinds of vitality. There is the vitality of a bull and there is the vitality of a man. There is a primitive human vitality, the vitality—to restrict oneself to musicians—of an Eugen d'Albert or, but in a lower degree, of a Willem Mengelberg; the vitality of an Anton Rubinstein, whose playing was notoriously inaccurate, the cat-like vitality of a Paderewski and the sprite-like vitality of a Pachmann. All these are degrees and kinds of power, but the higher forms of human vitality are not to be expressed in mere power or energy quantitatively. Quality and kind are even more important.

Now, I would say that in vitality Toscanini—although a man of medium stature and slender build—far exceeds all the athletic giants of the conductor's rostrum who have appeared in our time. In this respect he is a "flame," and his performance of the last movement of Brahms' C minor symphony was evidence of it. No living musician exceeds Toscanini in this vitality, and that it is real vitality is demonstrated by the perfect poise and control of Toscanini, whose mind remains always in control of his body and his physical movements even at the most impassioned climaxes. This is a test of the nature of the vitality. There are lots of conductors who are capable of great excitement but whose minds do not remain completely aware of every smallest detail of the music they are performing in all its complexity. I therefore define Toscanini's vitality as of a higher order than the merely physical, and it is combined with a musical intelligence in itself of an almost supreme kind.

I have now used the word "almost"; at this point I reintroduce the word "source" in order to explain why I am tempted to describe Toscanini's musicality as almost of the highest kind. A flame is an end, whereas a source (and by "source" is meant a fountain or spring) is a beginning. One of the tests of the quality of music itself as of its performance is whether it leads the listener into a higher activity of his own, takes him, as it were, into a superior world in which everything has a greater than ordinary value and he himself is flooded with a richer and more sensitive life. There is some music, music of genius, we may admit, which does not do this. The music of Brahms, I would say, for the most part does not do it, whereas the music of Schubert does. It is of the essence of my criticism of Wagner that his music does not do it at all! Wagner's music is always an end in itself, final, completed and hence enormously impressive but never regenerative. Now Toscanini's conducting has something of the same quality *whenever his essential character as distinct from his musical genius* has the upper hand or is a decisive factor in the performance. I have added this qualification because it is to me significant that the concert performances of Toscanini's which impressed me most last year were those of Debussy (I except the last movement of Beethoven's A major symphony for a special reason, to which I hope to refer on another occasion), while last week what impressed me most was the performance of Ravel's second *Daphnis and Chloe* suite. I consider that this performance of the Ravel work was humanly perfect and a magnificent effort on the part of the B.B.C. orchestra. But, in this, we had nothing of Toscanini as a flame but only Toscanini the extraordinary musician with his purely musical endowment fully at work and evident. Ravel's music is, like Wagner's, an end in itself; it does not demand the highest artistic qualities of a conductor but only his special technical qualities. Now Brahms was a composer who aspired to the highest, aspired, that is, to make his music not an end in itself—magnificent and overwhelming—but to belong to the supreme category of those who take one out of material perfection into the blessedness of infinite hope and love. The fact that Brahms was not capable of entering this higher region to which he aspired gives a peculiar poignancy to his music, just as a similar nostalgic impotence gives the poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot a value altogether greater than that of more dazzling virtuosos. The curious thing is that Toscanini succeeded in hiding from us this essential and terribly moving impotence of Brahms (of which he is possibly quite unaware) and put in its place a dazzling brilliance of musical vitality, what may properly be described as a burning flame of which he, Toscanini, was the begetter, not Brahms. The second concert has suggested nothing to add to the foregoing remarks, with the exception that the performance of the "Queen Mab" scherzo showed Toscanini's uncommon musical imagination while that of the Tommasini Variations *Il Carnevale di Venezia* showed that he possesses a great capacity for friendship.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Falstaff," at Covent Garden

Covent Garden goes from bad to worse in its choice of scenery, and this production started with the disadvantage of a new setting which looked as if it was intended for a Christmas pantomime in one of the smaller provincial towns. And the performance itself was welcome, not so much for its quality, as for the occasion it provided for hearing this most marvellous work. *Falstaff* is an opera for a small house like Glyndebourne rather than Covent Garden, not only because of the subtleties and exquisite craft of the music but also because it demands a perfection of ensemble to a far greater degree than works such as *Aida*, where the general effect is achieved by broader strokes in a simpler design. In spite of some excellent orchestral playing under Sir Thomas Beecham and good singing—particularly from Maria Caniglia (Alice Ford) and Nanetta (Licia Albanese)—the ensemble was not all it might have been, although it improved during the evening and will no doubt improve further at subsequent performances. As Falstaff Cesare Formichi is somewhat miscast; he often sings well but lacks the exuberant vitality essential to the character.

"Pelléas et Mélisande," at Covent Garden

This production of Debussy's strangely beautiful opera brought over from the Théatre des Champs Elysées in Paris can be heartily recommended to all lovers of Debussy's music. It is on the whole the best production of *Pelléas* which has ever been given at Covent Garden. The scenery is excellent, serving thoroughly the theatrical necessities of the situations while suggesting always the Macterlinckian atmosphere of the drama. There is a very good cast, including an excellent English singer who has taken the name of Lisa Perli, and who was in every respect an admirable Mélisande. The Pelléas of André Gaudin had just the right personality. The Golaud of Vanni Marcoux was vigorous but not out of the picture. The chief credit for a fine performance must be given to the French conductor, Albert Wolff, who knew the score by heart and never missed a single point.

"He Was Born Gay," at the Queen's

This costume-play would not be worth discussing if Mr. Gielgud had not chosen to act in it. He is an actor who, we hoped, could be trusted to perform only in plays with some appeal to a reasonably educated taste. He has won the devotion of a vast public, and certainly need not appear in a play which he perceives to be trash. Presumably he has been blinded by the apparent "fatness" of his part in *He Was Born Gay*, but in fact the role is too silly to be rewarding, and Mr. Gielgud's performance, alas, is no less regrettable than the play itself. But in a play so grotesquely "ham," what can the poor actors do but pursue the same ham

themselves? And most of the cast accordingly behaved with crazy exuberance. Miss ffrangçon-Davies seemed quite lost in the general barnstorming: her part is thin as well as nonsensical, and there is nothing to say about her performance except that she looked very, very pretty. It must be admitted that a considerable section of the audience seemed to like the show. The play is signed by Mr. Emlyn Williams, the author of an excellent thriller, but it suggested to us what *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* might be like, if rewritten by the author of *Young England*.

"You Only Live Once," at the London Pavilion

Mr. Fritz Lang, the director of *M*, of *Fury* and of this film, has a certain responsibility to his public. We can suppose that when twilight and sustained horror fail him he will be able to turn to some other less gruelling kind of production, but for the time he sticks to his established idiom. Hokum indeed it is, but hokum turned out with such vigour and ability that it has an authenticity of its own, quite divorced from likelihood. *You Only Live Once* starts with agonising slowness. For Mr. Henry Fonda's Eddie Taylor and Miss Silvia Sydney there is a tiny adagio of happiness before the hatefulness which has been menacing starts to close in on them. They are lovers like bullfrogs who cannot survive the death of the beloved, "like Romeo and Juliet," remarks Miss Sydney in the garden. Poor Mr. Fonda endures the agony of arrest and trial, and the awful ritual of waiting for execution. And few members of the audience can be so blasé as to be unaffected by his agony. Mr. Lang not only piles on the terror, but he rams it home with appalling force. Mists, machine-guns, a saintly priest, angel voices, and a most moving baby—Mr. Lang spares nothing that could yield a tear. Half way through this film one wondered if indeed it was worth suffering so, and if the public could be induced to pay to be so harrowed, wracked and set upon. This is a very good film, but too positive for light entertainment.

"British Country Life Through the Centuries," at 39 Grosvenor Square.

This enchanting exhibition has been arranged by *Country Life* in aid of the admirable National Trust. England in the past here is reflected as a poetic Arcadia, and a disgusting man-trap is the only exhibit to remind us of the brutality and cupidity shown by landowners, a cupidity which reached its climax in the infamous Enclosure Acts. But allowing for the artist's spectacles being usually rose-coloured, one is still overcome in this Exhibition by nostalgia for pre-industrial England. Not only the magnificent mansions and elegant rustic retreats, but the tea-cups and embroideries and billiard cues and kitchen implements possess a grace which has almost disappeared from our diseased society. The spread of wealth and the raising of the "standard of life" have been attained at an expense of beauty which cannot be reckoned. Even to-day is not the gardener happier than the best-paid factory-worker or clerk? This Exhibition has been collected and arranged with the greatest taste, and includes many fascinating pictures. The Gainsboroughs (282, 284 and 303), Cotmans (347 and 366), a Turner (355), a Wheatley (196), a Samuel Scott (144), pictures of great houses, Drayton (132), Wanstead (144), Chiswick (52), West Wycombe (129), Castle Howard (211), Heywood (527), Strawberry Hill (285), astonishing drawings by Gainsborough and Rowlandson, a landscape by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a very pretty Landseer, Millais's famous portrait of Ruskin—these are pictures which alone ought to make the Exhibition a success. The living English painters represented have also been remarkably well selected. There is a section of modern handicrafts with good and un-arty baskets, pottery, wooden spoons and quilts. There is a straw figure, such as is called in different countries a Dolt, a Neck, or a Dolly, made from the last corn-stalks in a harvest, representing a survival of the old fertility-rites. There are indeed over eight hundred exhibits, almost all of them beautiful or interesting, and the Exhibition is altogether a most happy affair. It is saddening also, because this is an England which is disappearing before our eyes.

Five Japanese Craftsmen at the Little Gallery

It is a curious and not much noted fact that Japanese aestheticism fits in admirably with English taste. Those who, thinking of *netsukes* and lacquer boxes, care to call Japanese art a nightmare art are not unreasonable—but anyone who has had some experience of Martin ware will agree that in sheer grotesqueness the English are not so far behind. As the popular art of Hokusai and Utomara had its share in the bright colours and surprising composition of the Impressionists, the more recherché art of Japan has had an echo first in the sage green and dun coloured aesthetes in England and more lately in the growing feeling for rough-looking but exquisite stoneware. Much of the stoneware by Hamuda in this show looks as though it could have been done by one of our leading potters. The stoneware by Kawai is slightly more pronouncedly oriental, but it too is chiefly distinguished by the dark mineral-like glazes which our potters affect. Fumaki's slipware is pleasant without being outstanding in any way. The exhibition also includes a very interesting screen, stencilled with looms and the paraphernalia of weaving, by Serizawa, and a series of very direct but un-Japanese looking wood cuts by Munakata.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 5th—
Conference on "Socialism in India and Ceylon," Transport House, 2.45. And on June 6th at 10.30 and 2.30.

SUNDAY, June 6th—
Horace J. Bridges on "Erasmus, the Laughing Reformer," Conway Hall, 11.
Dr. A. Maude Royden on "America 1937," Guildhouse, 3.30.
"The Bridge," Arts.
"Against Our Hearts," Savoy.

MONDAY, June 7th—
James Laver on "Scenic Design and Theatrical Costume 16th-20th Century," Courtauld Institute of Art, 5.30. And on June 8th.
Edith Moore on "The Catholic Menace to Socialist Struggle," National Trade Union Club, 8.
Debate: "Should Socialists Join the Labour Party?" Speakers, Dr. Conze and E. Hardy, Essex Hall, 8.
"The Flying Dutchman," Covent Garden Opera House.
"They Fly By Twilight," People's Palace.

TUESDAY, June 8th—
"To Have and To Hold," Haymarket.

WEDNESDAY, June 9th—
"Prince Igor," Covent Garden Opera House.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE has been so much interest in Arabia and the Arabs, due largely to Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* and Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars*, that many enthusiasts have gone on to read everything they can find upon the subject. Mr. St. John Philby in *The Empty Quarter* and Mr. Bertram Thomas in *Arabia Felix* have described their journeys through the deserts of the South where no European had been before them: there is a wonderful thrill when at last one reaches the legendary ruined city and finds it to be the crater thrown up where a giant meteorite has splashed molten silica among the sands. Their mild and inquiring temper contrasts strongly with the bluster of Richard Burton whose *Pilgrimage to Meccah and Medinah* has just been republished in the Great Explorations Series (Herbert Joesph, 5*s*.). The reader who wants a guide to the whole story of Arabian exploration will find the book he wants in *The Unveiling of Arabia*, by R. H. Kiernan (Harrap, 12*s*. 6*d*.), who has summarised the accounts of Niebuhr, Burkhardt, Burton, Sadleir, the fabrications of Palgrave (first completely exposed by Philby), the journeys of Doughty, the Blunts, Thomas, Philby, Cheesman and many others. Well-chosen passages, quoted from each explorer, show what kind of man he was and what sort of book he has written. The first three chapters, summarising the past, may set the reader thinking and leave him dissatisfied. He will realise that the Arabs have a history incomparably richer than the geography of their country. If he should want to know how wild and frugal tribesmen came to possess a civilisation luxuriating from the Alhambra to Zanzibar, he should turn first to *The Arabs* by Bertram Thomas (Thornton Butterworth, 21*s*.), and then, if still dissatisfied, to *History of the Arabs*, by Philip K. Hitti (Macmillan, 31*s*. 6*d*.). On no account should he read the books in the reverse order. Mr. Thomas's book is delightfully readable and well-balanced, and is only about 120,000 words in length, whereas Professor Hitti's is over twice as long and presents difficulties.

* * *

Mr. Thomas describes the character and teaching of Muhammed in as attractive a light as possible, and shows how the political results of his teaching produced a welling up of the desert people, sandwiched between the rich lands of Egypt, Syria and Mesopotamia. The conquest which followed —within a hundred years of Muhammed's death their armies had spread to Bokhara in the East to Avignon in the West— is perhaps not more remarkable than the conquests of the Mongols. What is astounding is that civilisation, science, and some degree of enlightenment should mark the frontiers of Islam. "*The Arabs were not imposing a new civilisation. They had none to impose*," says Mr. Thomas. But a certain chivalry has always been one of their characteristics, and their conquests were not accompanied by massacres. Khalid imposed a poll-tax when he took Damascus. Seven hundred and fifty years later Timur built pyramids with the heads of its inhabitants. The Arab conquests were at first marked by religious toleration, and while local administrations were hardly disturbed, it seems probable that they exacted no heavier taxes than the Byzantines and the Persians had done. The civilisation of each region that they conquered was not uprooted, but enriched by the infusion of a neighbouring culture from which it had formerly been cut off. In particular, the civilisations of Persia and of Byzantine Egypt were brought together. The artistic results were perhaps necessarily disappointing. The Arabs themselves had no arts, and since a graven image was anathema and a decoration in the likeness of man, bird or beast an affront to the true faith," there could be no great sculpture or great painting. Arabic as a language ranks with Greek and Latin and English; its literature is unworthy of it. Even music is suspect: it has never been used in religious services and no respectable girl in Arabia, Mr. Thomas tells us, could be heard singing a song or her reputation would be forever gone.

* * *

Perhaps the most illuminating light on Arab intellectual curiosity is in the list of translations they made from Greek. Before the end of the ninth century, Galen and Aristotle, Plato's political works, and the works of Ptolemy, Euclid, and Archimedes were to be found in Arabic. But Greek poetry, drama, and history were utterly ignored. The Arabs sheltered a civilisation in which such applied arts as silk and carpet weaving, metal work, and glass enamelling flourished and were diffused as never before. We owe few actual scientific discoveries to the Arabs; algebra is Greek, the Arabian numerals and the zero are called Indian by the Arabs themselves, the compass was Chinese, and they have no claim to gunpowder. But they encouraged science and gathered up and compared ancient and oriental knowledge and made great advances in mathematics, geography, astronomy, physics and medicine, not to speak of astrology and alchemy. It is not perhaps altogether accidental that their greatest philosophers and scientists (many of whom were Jews) were to be found at Cordoba and Toledo, on the furthest edge of the perimeter, whilst the intellectual life of Mecca was singularly blank. The dead hand of Muhammed lay heavily even on science: the dissection of dead bodies was absolutely forbidden, though Albucasis laid stress on it in Cordoba.

* * *

Mr. Thomas's book contains many charming pictures of Arabian life as he has seen it. He describes the generosity of the Bedouin, who shares his few crumbs with the stranger he will never see again, and the maritime life of seaports of Eastern Arabia. He concludes by saying that the greatest debt we owe to the Arabs is the idea of chivalry which came to us through Spain and Provence and was brought back from the Crusades. What am I to say of Professor Hitti's *History of the Arabs*? It is an immensely learned, important work and one which is invaluable, as the author has drawn very largely on Arabic sources. Yet one of the first statements to meet the eye about the Bedouin is: *Wherever arable land is found, there he goes seeking pasture.* On the next page we are told agriculture is beneath his dignity. No doubt Bedouins do pasture their flocks on other people's barley fields, yet that is not, I think, what is meant. Similarly he tells us correctly that the horse was introduced, from Syria, late into Arabia, "where it had the best opportunity to keep its blood pure and free from admixture." Such Gibbonian sentences as:

> Twice did Mu'āwiyah stretch out his mighty arm against the enemy capital itself.

contrast oddly with such as:

> The first of the Crusades, so-called from the cross borne as a badge, was on.

Professor Hitti is moreover an unbalanced advocate of everything Arab. I like his way of remarking, *He was only an ignorant Christian*, but I draw the line at his suggestion founded on the title-page that Cervantes owed Don Quixote to an Arabic original. *History of the Arabs* is the book for the man who can read critically and who revels in masses of facts; he will find it contains many most fascinating chapters. For example, the description of the court of Frederick II, the Norman king of Sicily, at which Greek, Arabic and Latin were spoken, reveals a most important bridge between Europe and the Arabs. Frederick founded the University of Naples. Not all the knowledge was on one side. A contemporary Arab writes of the crusaders as "animals possessing the virtues of courage and fighting but nothing else," but the castles they built in Syria owed little to Byzantine or Arab and were far superior to either. Both Mr. Thomas and Professor Hitti spell Arab words pedantically: the first writes *Mecca* and *Qur'an*; the second *Makka* and *Koran*.

DAVID GARNETT

"TO-DAY THE STRUGGLE"

War Dance. By E. GRAHAM HOWE. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Single to Spain. By KEITH SCOTT-WATSON. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.
The Epic of the Alcazar. By MAJOR GEOFFREY MOSS. *Rich and Cowan.* 9s.
Spain. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber and Faber.* 1s.
New Writing—III. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 6s.

One thing is common to all these books—not just a convenient reviewer's link, but the problem, the *raison d'être* of them all—their obsession with war and fighting and violent death. Professor Howe's concern is how to avoid these things, how we can all avoid them, if we want to, but do we want to? And if not, why not? It seems to me that a great many of us don't, that apart from those whose economic situation makes them desire change, or those whose reasoning process makes them work for it, there exists a large bulk of people who have become, often without knowing it, sensation hunters, whose state of mind reflects unconsciously the hopes and deliberations of the swine of Gadara on the verge of their last migration. They exclaim, "nothing in the paper," "Spain seems very quiet lately," and their faces would fall, as at the recovery of a sick relative, were someone to succeed in authentically postponing war for fifty years. They are people who have grown up on crises, for whom bad news is better than no news, victims of the war fever which is on the increase twenty years after 1914, which may be universal in thirty. Professor Howe's book is written for them, it is an analysis of the deep psychological causes which originate in the nursery and make us want to hurt each other; "vicious circle, anxiety, aggressiveness, guilt, forces for war," are his chapter headings. I wish I could say it was a good book, for I believe that the psychological causes of war are deeper than the economic ones and that ultimately they will become removable, like tonsils. (Professor Glover considers a thousand years adequate for this purpose in his *War, Sadism, and Pacifism.*) Unfortunately, it is not a very good book, the author introduces Taoism into his analysis and a series of irritating drawings and boring dreams. Professor Howe writes in fact with a curious glib, voluble and colloquial pen that consistently irritates the reader; if he were not a professor one would feel his book to be the work of a crank with a very specious gift of patter and who had spent a great deal of time alone—he pads along, after his Heard and Huxley objectives—and can he pad!

> The new method is not to go and do, in urgent action in order to alleviate anxiety, but to watch and—if we know the meaning of the word—to watch and pray. Not that we may be safe, but that we may be true to life within ourselves and beyond, amongst those other, different selves which form our contacts and relationships. So let us see; which involves the virtue of humility and wonder, facing even fear, and knowing that with all our ignorance we may be wrong. Thus we may agree to differ, feeling content even in our discontent.

Single to Spain (a return would have done) is one of the most readable books about the war and one of the very few indeed to be written by someone who has actually fought. The author went out to join the original international brigade when the English numbered only about twenty. He seems a cheery, adventurous young man who chafed very much at first against Communist discipline, and after his first serious action was so horrified at the difference between war in the imagination and in fact that he resigned from the brigade and went to work under Sefton Delmer in Madrid. There he was nearly arrested as a spy, remained to see all except three of his comrades in the Thaelmann battalion wiped out at Boadilla through not receiving the order to retreat, and finally got out of Spain after being hit in his car by a shell, one person in whom the war fever is extinct. He saw the fifty Moors who died of accidentally eating inoculated rabbits in the laboratories of the University City, he saw the Polish company caught by the German bombers.

> Twenty men had been hit, some of them were unrecognisable. The bomb splinters had torn them with a macabre humour. One boy lay on his back threshing the air with his leg, where the other should have been was a quivering bloody stump. In the fork of a tree, another was tightly wedged; he was alive and moaning, when the ambulance men touched him, he gave a high-pitched scream, a blue-red tangle of intestines hung from his stomach. We tried to lift one man on to a stretcher—he bent like an old rag doll, his spine had been severed, my arms were soaked in blood. I dared not stop and think or I should go mad. A boy, not more than sixteen, lay grinning at the blue sky as though at a remembered joke, the top of his head was taken off as one opens an egg. Those who were past aid were shot; it was the greatest mercy the ambulance men could have shown.

What is remarkable in Watson's story is the ease with which he is allowed to retire from the Brigade and work for a journalist in Madrid, and the pleasant terms on which his ex-comrades, still fighting, receive him. Such action would be impossible on the other side, and his book is full of flashes of sympathy and intelligence perceived in the people he fought for and the men he fought with, pacifists such as Renn and Marty, publicists like Ralph Bates, Spanish militia women, and belligerent commissars. Yes, a genuine, entertaining, and interesting account of the Spanish war from underneath—but how disillusioned, how utterly fed up with war itself! "The past two months seemed like a distant nightmare" is what he feels on leaving and he comments often on the sensation of everything happening in a bad dream from which he would suddenly wake up, a sensation also noticed in Malaga by the unfortunate Koestler.

The Epic of the Alcazar is the best book that has come out so far on the other side. To begin with, it is written by a military man and contains a lot of interesting comment on the military operations, including a harrowing account of the tactics by which the Foreign Legion occupy towns and villages, a manoeuvre which apparently can be repeated endlessly since it always produces the same psychological reaction in the defence. No book on Spain is impartial, but Major Moss at least pays a glowing tribute to the attackers of the Alcazar, although he writes to glorify those inside it. He tones down the foreign and Fascist element in Franco's forces, which, since he is writing about the first three months of the war, is perhaps permissible, nor does he fall into the silly error of the author of *Les Cadets de l'Alcazar* and pretend that it was defended by several hundred beardless young officers, animated entirely by patriotism and religious mania. The key to the defence was clearly the six hundred civil guards who formed the backbone of resistance, the two or three extremely intelligent officers at the top, and the handful of Fascists and Carlists who could be used for desperate sallies in search of food. And of course, there was the building itself, a building which seems to have been purposely created exactly for such an occasion, as do so many places in the Spanish civil war. In fact, it is a symptom of war fever that geography seems to make sense only from a military standpoint; streets and squares, farms and sunken fences, knolls and valleys leap into relief, into life in civil war, as in some border ballad, and the Alcazar, with its enormous walls, its tunnels and secret passages, its towers and bastions from which a shot had hardly been fired since the Moors or Charles V first built them, lumbers into its place in history with extraordinary precision. There is everything in the story of the Alcazar, the cosy, ark-like withdrawal into its protection, the first elevated hours of resistance, the gruelling months that follow, the horror of the mines, the hope of relief, the imminence of starvation, and Geoffrey Moss has made a fine and vivid story out of them. The defenders lived for nearly two months on a litre of water a day, one unhusked roll six inches long and the fifteen-hundredth part of a mule or horse. No sweet, no salt, no greens, no tobacco, no light—only roll and mule or roll and horse. Major Moss, who attempts to disprove the massacre at Badajoz (how will he justify Guernica?) makes no mention of the affair of the hostages—Government women brought in from sallies or imprisoned at the beginning—whom Mr. Vernon Bartlett and others have alluded to and which puts the defender's refusal to let their women go in a different light. Who were the prisoners he refers to, what happened to them afterwards? Conclusions from the book. Human beings will stand anything. No limit to their endurance. Vast superiority of intelligent military discipline over mere revolutionary enthusiasm—but it must be intelligent. Common factor to both sides, *being Spanish*, both sharing, besieged and besiegers, in their Roman and Iberian heritage of courage, cruelty, stoical patience, and contempt for death. It is easier for them than for us to kill, to endure pain, to die—but while the Spaniards in Watson's book are in every other respect people like ourselves, intelligent, sympathetic, open; inside the Alcazar they are not. Patriotism, militarism, feudalism, faith, not justice and liberty, impregnate those oppressive walls: genii of the Middle Ages, brutal and unenlightened, were stoppered up in that Moorish fortress to be released by the dark race who built it.

Spain is a hundred-line poem by Auden; it is good medium Auden in a good cause—the Spanish Medical Aid. The Marxian theory of history does not go very happily into verse, but

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N.B.—REMARQUE'S *THREE COMRADES* is the best reviewed and best selling book of the year 8/6

HUTCHINSON

the conclusion is very fine. The point of all these books is that war is horrible, but one cannot learn that from the headlines in newspapers, or glimpses of newsreels, one can learn it only by fighting oneself or by observing the disillusion of those who have. By now no one can possibly enjoy fighting in the Spanish war, except perhaps the Moors and the blond Moors. The Rupert Brooke period is over—but no one seems able to stop. I met a great many people in Spain who longed for the war to end and who, perhaps because I was a foreigner, said so freely. When I printed these opinions they didn't correspond with the state of English war fever and caused displeasure here. The more fire I used to eat, the "better" the article was supposed to be. I don't think this would be the case now. Mr. Spender's not very martial muse passes uncriticised in these columns, Mr. Koestler's account of the defence of Malaga, a nightmare of Dali-esque intensity, is printed in the *News-Chronicle*: we are experiencing a vicarious war-weariness at last. But the war goes on, and it is the fact that war is something which you cannot stop, that renders doubly guilty the callous and obsolete military leaders who began it.

New Writing is a fascinating periodical and for me it has the advantage over the "best short stories of nineteen-so-much" in that it appears twice yearly. But it is also fascinating, apart from being a magazine with the permanence of a book, in that, since all the contributions are Left-wing and many militant, one can deduce from it certain relationships between literature and propaganda. Literature is something which is just as good in ten years' time, propaganda is not, and the contrast is acute for many.

> To-day the struggle,
> To-day the deliberate increase in the chances of death,
> The conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder;
> To-day the expending of powers
> On the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting.

So writes Auden in *Spain* and Milton, Marvell, and Shelley all wrote pamphlets. But Auden's non-pamphleteering love lyric [*Lay your sleeping head my love/Human on my faithless arm*] is by far the best thing in the book and utterly without political purpose. Isherwood's Berlin diary is also personal, restrained, and endlessly readable. The other poetry disappointing, the Russian stories bad, and magazines should never publish fragments of novels, as too many of these stories seem. Day Lewis's story is artificial and William Plomer has a shot at that dangerous form, the personal letter that is meant to be published. He includes some charming seascapes. Very interesting are B. L. Coombe's account of mining and James Stern's account of going down a mine, one the work of a miner, the other of an artist trying to put himself in the other's place. For pure propaganda I recommend Leonhard's *El Hel* (Spanish war) and Garrett's account of the Hunger Marchers, for delayed action Arconada's *School in Estremadura*, and a fragment called *The Recruit*, by G. F. Green. Communism, like Methodism, doesn't make for great writing at close quarters: it is too practical and too puritan. The moral of this absorbing book is that it is better at one remove—like Isherwood and Upward's—but a good love lyric is still rarer.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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NELSON

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TCHAIKOVSKY

Beloved Friend: The Story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck. By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN and BARBARA VON MECK. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

The relationship between Tchaikovsky and his benefactress Madame von Meck must interest not only musicians but anybody with the slightest curiosity about human nature. There can be few stranger stories of intimacy between man and woman; summarised in a few sentences, it sounds scarcely plausible. Nadejda Filaretovna von Meck, the widow of a railway engineer who had amassed a large fortune, adored music, particularly Tchaikovsky's. In 1876, when he was 36 and she was 45, she entered into correspondence with him, commissioning him, at a high fee, to arrange some of his works for violin and piano. A year later, already deep in an exchange of letters copious, intimate, and at times passionate, Tchaikovsky was accepting from her a yearly allowance of 6,000 roubles. The friendship survived Tchaikovsky's disastrous marriage (which lasted only a few weeks) and for thirteen years seemed unshakable. In 1890 it came to a miserable and rather mysterious end, and three years later both friends died. During the whole period of their strange romance they never met except accidentally and without speaking.

Until lately almost the only authority for this and indeed all other aspects of Tchaikovsky's life and character has been the enormous *Life and Letters* compiled by his brother Modeste, of whose three volumes Mrs. Newmarch made in 1906 a skilful abridgement which remains the standard English life. Though far more candid than most family biographers, Modeste was obviously hampered by the desire not to offend living people or the relatives of those recently dead. He had a further reason for extreme caution in the fact—long known in musical circles, but hitherto concealed or ignored in biographies—that his famous brother was homosexual; not unnaturally he destroyed all the evidence of this that he could find. Mrs. Bowen further states (it will be new to most people) that Modeste himself suffered from the same abnormality; and "suffered" is no idle word, since both brothers were terrified of exposure throughout their lives. When we take into consideration the fact that the composer's wife did not die until 1917 we can appreciate Modeste's difficulties in giving an intelligible account of his brother's marriage. Of Peter's letters to Mme. von Meck he printed about a quarter (generally omitting the more intimate parts) and a very few also of her letters to him. In 1935, however, the Soviet Government published, in two scholarly volumes, the complete Tchaikovsky —von Meck correspondence from 1876 to 1883 (they do not indicate why they stopped at that date, nor whether we may expect the future publication of the remaining letters of the years 1884–1890). Mme. Barbara von Meck's part in the present book has been to supply Mrs. Bowen with a literal translation, together with what family traditions of her husband's grandmother she could remember. For the presentation of the material Mrs. Bowen is wholly responsible. *Beloved Friend* has had an enormous success in America. In England, some people may be jarred by lapses of taste, and sometimes of grammar, in the writing (I do not mean that such lapses are unknown in English authors!). Describing Tchaikovsky's wife going to meet her husband at the station, she can write: "Antonina, smiling into the mirror, gave a little pat to her blonde hair." Sheer invention! And, though a musician herself, she makes a fair number of musical slips. But stylistic flaws and errors are outweighed by her admirable power of selection and of psychological discernment.

Evening Standard
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Neil Gunn
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One of the most important and readable books that has appeared on the subject of Communism in the U.S.S.R. 'A remarkable production—devastating—a man of extraordinary brilliance and energy of mind with a singularly lucid and attractive style.'—*News Chronicle*. 'It is impossible to do justice to it in a short space.'—*Spectator*. 12/6

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She really understands the characters of Antonina, Nadejda and Tchaikovsky, and the tragi-comedy they were chosen by Fate to play.

At first we discover Tchaikovsky in the depths of gloom and approaching a serious internal crisis. He is distracted by the drudgery of teaching at the Conservatoire, by financial troubles, by loneliness combined with an aversion from society, above all by dread of the exposure of what he and Modeste always refer to in their letters as *The*. He cannot enjoy a flattering meeting with Tolstoy without feeling that the all-seeing author of *War and Peace* must inevitably guess his secret. To escape *The*, he toys with the idea of marriage, in the hope that things will then somehow come right. It is a pathetic tangle, but it is difficult not to smile at the innocence of his attempt to unravel it.

> " I have been thinking much, these days " (he writes to Modeste) " about myself and my future. The result of all these thoughts is that dating from to-day, I shall make a serious effort to marry, legally, anybody."

It only needed the appearance of a pretty, stupid girl who fancied herself desperately in love with him to push him over the edge; and the ghastly experience almost killed him. As for Antonina Miliukov, Mrs. Bowen states (without giving the evidence) that she went into the marriage with her eyes open; it seems quite possible, for she was a subnormal creature who suffered from the delusion that all men desired her, so that it would be impossible for her to take Peter's difficulties seriously. Even those who were at first most inclined to pity her soon found her impossible, and her delusions at last reached such a pitch that she was confined for the last twenty years of her life in a lunatic asylum. No one seriously holds Tchaikovsky responsible for her condition.

With Mme. von Meck too it is an absurdity that first strikes us; she ordered compositions as other women order groceries:

> ". . . I ask you, Peter Ilyich, be good enough to write me a composition that might express, and be called *Reproach* (for violin and piano). I have a short composition by Kohne, called *Le Reproche*, also for violin and piano. I like it, but it does not say what I want, and also seems to be about some one person. My *Reproach* must be impersonal. . . . "

We wonder how a composer could endure so ridiculous a request, and our wonder grows when we come to the letter in which she discusses Mozart's music with the composer who idolises it:

> " I am astounded, Peter Ilyich, that the man who wrote such an amazingly beautiful thing as the first movement of the Fourth Symphony, could admire that epicurean, Mozart. Tell me, would the soul of a criminal shudder in listening to Mozart's music? Not a bit; on the contrary, in it he would find himself justified. But hearing yours, he would break down. Do you realise what that means? My God, it is not something to be explained in words. Indeed, how can one compare you with Mozart? I must stop or I shall talk on for three days."

But profuse and ecstatic though her letters are, we come to respect the single-mindedness of her love for Tchaikovsky, man and musician, and the extreme delicacy with which she handled their relationship. Shyness and an unconscious fear of shattering her ideal must have been the motives which impelled her to remain apart from her hero; possibly, too, a sixth sense told her that such a relationship was ideally suited to Tchaikovsky's nature.

> " My relationship with you " (he wrote), " exactly as it now stands, is my greatest happiness and the rock on which all my welfare rests. . . . All the charm, all the poesy of my friendship with you is based on the fact that you are so close to me, so infinitely dear to my heart, and yet in the ordinary sense of the word, we are not acquainted."

The extraordinary situation was intensified when Nadejda took a house for Tchaikovsky half a mile from her own on the Viale dei Colli outside Florence. They would walk past each other's villas at night and gaze at the lights burning in the windows; occasionally, here and on her Russian estate, their carriages, by some inadvertence, passed one another.

> Tchaikovsky looked up and met Nadejda face to face, her eyes level with his. He was dreadfully confused, he wrote Anatol afterwards. He bowed, but Nadejda seemed even more at a loss. For one long moment a dreadful tension reigned, and then, returning his bow, Nadejda ordered her coachman to drive on.

In 1890 the bolt fell. Mme. von Meck wrote to say that she had had severe losses and could not continue his pension: the tone of her letter was distant, and she added a strange postscript: " Do not forget, and think of me sometimes." The implication of this postscript and his subsequent discovery that the von Meck finances were quite sound hurt him deeply; he no longer needed the money, but he needed desperately the trust and affection which had long been among the purest joys of his life. But Nadejda disregarded his letters; she was suffering from tuberculosis and a " terrible nervous affliction," and her brilliant son was decaying before her eyes of an unnamed incurable disease. Mrs. Bowen conjectures that this romantic atheist, having no resources to meet such waves of trouble, found a sort of masochistic relief in accusing herself of having neglected her son for all these years in favour of the composer. Probably she is right; but no one seems to have considered the possibility that Mme. von Meck had somehow heard of *The*. Whatever the cause, it was to Tchaikovsky a bitter blow; and three years later, as he lay dying of cholera, he repeated over and over again, in indignant or reproachful tones, " Nadejda Filaretovna, Nadejda Filaretovna."

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STATE AND NATION

A History of Peaceful Change in the Modern World. By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Price of European Peace. By FRANK DARVALL. *William Hodge.* 5s.

We Aren't So Dumb. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Longmans Green.* 6s.

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The State emotionalised as nation is our baneful legacy from the nineteenth century. This clothing in moral garments of the naked power-relations of the " independent sovereign " States has effectually blinded most people to the nature of the peace-war problem. Here, for instance, are four books on international relations not one of whose authors, apparently, has grasped the essential distinction between the sentient national being and the sixteenth-century framework in which it is enclosed. The State, with its panoply of power, was, after all, an instrument forged at a particular time and for a particular purpose: namely, when the supreme need, so that men as individuals should lead a life of ordered freedom, was for a single fount of authority and justice to end the regime of private wars among " sovereign independent "

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RIDER

barons. To-day, on the other hand, the State in its pigmy texture has long been overtaken by such portents of the physical unity of a continent (not to say, the world) as the aeroplane and the wireless, and it is the nation which is imprisoned in an outworn coat of mail. The only means of ending the war-ridden inter-State anarchy is, similarly, to establish an overriding authority which will be the embodiment and agency of the international public peace. That was in essence the purpose of the architects of the League of Nations who drew plans for a new regime of international relations superseding power-diplomacy and providing in its stead both force behind the law (Article XVI of the Covenant) and facilities for peaceful change (Article XIX). The need for conjugating these two elements was duly recognised at the outset, and disarmament itself was seen to be contingent upon "the enforcement by common action of international obligations." Yet to-day, when the States have relapsed into the old anarchy, the heralds of peace and goodwill blithely overlook the essential basis of international security and, invoking the talisman of "peaceful change," pin their faith to a League containing, in Mr. Cruttwell's words, "the promise of being converted into an instrument of international conciliation and revision more permanent, more impartial and more universal than the old Concert of Europe. . . ."

Mr. Cruttwell in the security of his Oxford common room has clearly never conceived any other technique of peace-making than that of the glorified round-table conference. He accepts power-diplomacy, i.e., the contingent threat of war, and the regime of unfettered State sovereignty as constants and, though dismayed by "the wave of exclusive and egoistic nationalism which has recently swept over the world," apparently hopes for the best. It is amazing that an historian of his calibre should so confound State and Nation and miss the significance of the historical process which has left Leviathan high and dry.

With this *caveat* as to the mental outlook of its author the book can be unreservedly recommended as a valuable record of diplomatic adjustments, examples of the alteration of the *status quo* by peaceful means. His study is deliberately limited to the relations of so-called civilised Powers with one another, excluding, that is, colonial expeditions, etc., and he leaves aside purely economic changes as being invariably the result of the permutations of politics. It deals mainly therefore with disputes about boundaries or transfers of sovereignty. Whereas contested frontier claims loom large in the history of the American continents, the European story which the author recounts is concerned more with cession dictated by motives of self-interest, as in the case of Britain's surrender of the Ionian Islands to Greece in 1863, or accommodation as in the Anglo-German and Anglo-French arrangements before and after the turn of the century. A chapter on the theory and practice of the plebiscite is perhaps the most informative for the general reader.

If Mr. Cruttwell's study is avowedly and designedly academic—it was undertaken at the invitation of the Royal Institute of International Affairs—my chief complaint about *The Price of European Peace* is that it is "academic" in the loose popular sense of the term. Mr. Darvall likewise starts from the need for redress of existing grievances so as to establish what he calls "parity of ethnographic, economic and strategic conditions." And he nobly champions the cause of the unsatisfied Powers. But he does appreciate the need for combining effective collective guarantees with any treaty revision; and he talks of the establishment of machinery for achieving these two objects. Mr. Darvall fails to tell us, however, how this is to be done without a fundamental remoulding of the inter-State structure, how the omnipotent, lawless States are suddenly to forgo their vulpine habits and coo like sucking doves. The most he will predicate—and that is something as compared with Mr. Cruttwell's conclave of absolutes—is that "it will be necessary to destroy the existing conception of State sovereignty. . . ."

Mr. Christopher Hollis continues the technique of popularising international affairs which he patented in *Foreigners Aren't Fools*. These imaginary conversations on "all that matters in the news," to quote from the jacket, contain a deal of good sense on questions of raw materials, the value of colonies, competition from the East, ideological fronts, etc.—and the demise of collective security. But there is no grasp of the fundamental problem.

With the Comte de Saint Aulaire we are transported again into the study. The eighteenth-century Catholic aristocrat enjoys himself hugely mocking at the League of Nations as twisted from its original purpose by the wardens of State sovereignty—a diplomatic alliance between France and England which was bound to conjure up the *réplique* of the Rome-Berlin axis. At first the charge against Geneva is merely one of hypocrisy, and at one point the author asks, as Renan asked with regard to religion, whether it might not be "a necessary imposture." But then, as he warms up, the former French Ambassador in London finds in the operations of Geneva, particularly the admission of the *Reich* in 1926, the hand of "freemasons, Jews and financiers"! There are some 250 pages of vituperation and cynicism, with never a positive thought: why anyone should have deemed the book worthy of presentation in an English—decidedly ill-fitting—dress I cannot imagine. Fortunately the Count de Saint Aulaire, bright star in the diplomatic firmament though he may have been, is quite untypical of those among his fellow-countrymen who are interested in the establishment of an international polity.

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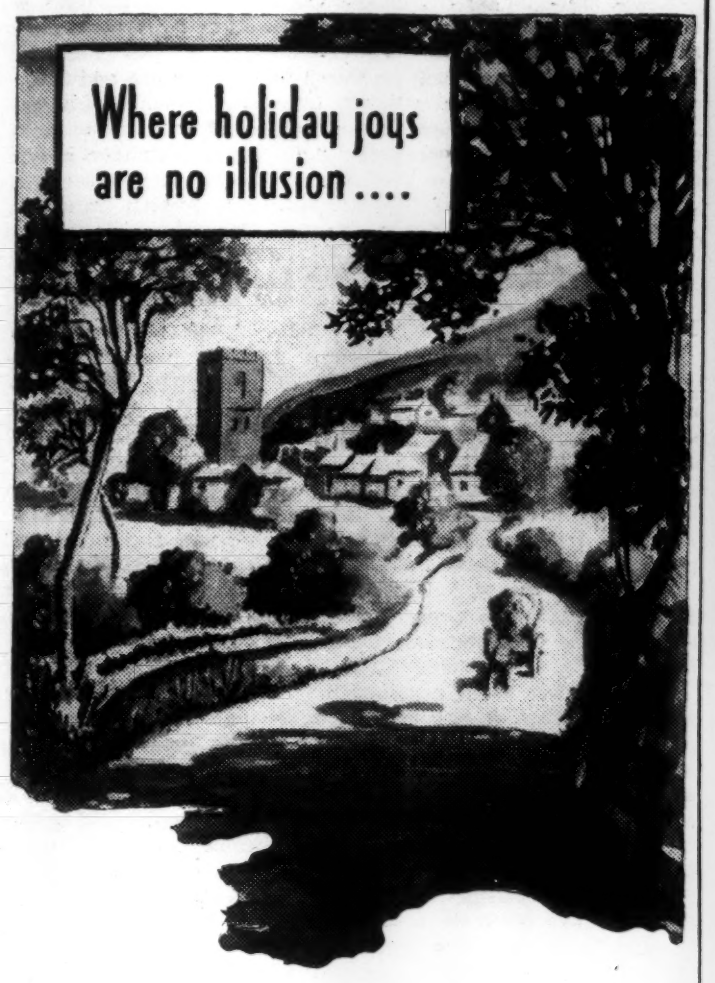
The exuberant personality of Michael Collins and his remarkable daring captured English imagination. But Mr. O'Connor tells us that the legend which surrounds his name has rapidly dwindled in his own country. As an Irish realist writer, Mr. O'Connor attracted attention some years ago with several clear incisive stories of the Civil War, and he has a very promising first novel to his credit. His present book will surprise those who have watched his career with interest. He has not endeavoured



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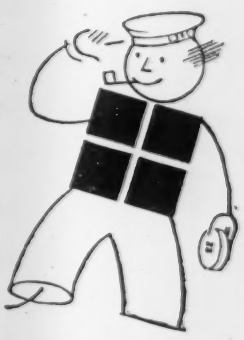

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David Butler

to analyse the change of political mood in Ireland, but has adapted the astonishing career of Collins to the present-day fashion of popular biography. A false picturesqueness and sentimentalism doom his book from the first sentence, in which we meet his hero in peaked cap and grey suit :

> His eyes were deep set and wide apart, his nose was long and fine, his mouth well-arched, firm, curling easily to scorn or humour. One interested in the study of behaviour would have noted instantly the extreme mobility of feature which indicated unusual nervous energy ; the slight swagger and remarkable grace which indicated an equal physical energy ; the prominent jowl which underlined the curve of the mouth ; the smile which gave place so suddenly to a frown, and that appearance of having just stepped out of a cold bath which distinguished him from his grimy fellow-travellers.

The day always dawns greyly as conspirators or politicians emerge from cellar or portal. In moments of tragedy Mr. O'Connor evokes Celtic Twilight glimpses of the familiar and dear little grey donkey wandering along an Irish boreen. Mr. O'Connor " writes up " the atrocities of the guerilla warfare in a manner usually employed in Sunday newspaper stories. Here, for instance, are a few lines from his description of the horrible events of Bloody Sunday :

> In another room the men had forced their way in before the sleeper sprang up with a hand on his pistol. A shot broke the silence which had fallen since the bells of the city had ceased to call for nine o'clock Mass, a young head fell back upon the pillow and a red streak spread about it. The portrait of a girl continued to smile from the dressing-table. . . .

Surely such emotional reportage displays insensitiveness and lack of taste.

Mr. O'Connor's inability to choose a point of view for himself or to clarify his motives involves him in continuous emotional confusion. He points out, for instance, the ruthless tracking down of semi-illiterate spies by Collins and his group of highly intelligent, clear-witted young men. We see these unfortunate wretches, stupidly cunning with their stage Irish " begobs " and " begorrahs," quickly tricked and exposed. The next moment Collins is " a country lad of twenty-nine, a labour exchange clerk," pitting himself against the intelligence of the English secret service. Mr. O'Connor wants it both ways.

It says much for the tremendous vitality of Collins, his mixture of peasant buffoonery and trained intellect, that his personality survives even Mr. O'Connor's extraordinary literary methods. The best of this book will be found in the intimate and lively anecdotes which he has collected from the friends of Collins. There are some affectations in the book which will irritate most readers. Objecting to the prefix " de," Mr. O'Connor insists throughout on referring to President De Valera as Mr. Valera.

AUSTIN CLARKE

FASCISM AND WAR

Towards Armageddon. By MAJOR-GENERAL FULLER. *Lovat Dickson.* 6*s.*

General Fuller's book divides into two parts, Fascist opinions and military hypotheses ; and it is a misfortune that the opinions should make it difficult for the politically minded reader to get at the hypotheses and practical suggestions. The misfortune is perhaps somewhat mitigated by the fact that many of the detailed suggestions are to be found in Captain Liddell Hart's *Europe in Arms*, with the advantage of a temperate and intelligent political view. General Fuller's politics have rather the air of the Baconian theory, or of British Israelitism ; they are not actually mad, but they are extraordinarily divorced from reality, and innocent of all economics but a naive denunciation of the financiers.

In this book, as in many of the technical proposals of the modern theorists, it is constantly being impressed on one how much more intelligible and coherent a military programme could be constructed by a Socialist. General Fuller's political *aperçu* neglects entirely the economic pressures of imperialism as causes of war, so that he produces a list of possible enemies that omits Germany and includes France. He discusses supply without considering the relation between storage and import boards, dispersal and strategic siting of industries without considering the relation to the derelict areas, air defence without rehousing, physical fitness without malnutrition, wages, the forty-hour week and paid holidays. His very sensible remarks on recruiting none the less miss the obvious and essential point that the efficient mechanised soldier he desires is a highly skilled workman who, in peace time, should receive as nearly as possible the pay and treatment of other highly skilled men. And he wholly neglects —indeed he does not mention—the propaganda arm. Yet in any realistic view of war and policy it is clear that our most probable enemies are the Fascist Powers, and our most potent weapons against them the revolutionary propaganda of their own exiles. An intelligent War Office would see to it that we were well supplied with Italian and German Communists and that we gave them every reason to be grateful to this country.

A further handicap imposed on General Fuller by his Fascist opinions is his belief in an external and imposed discipline that can neglect at once the hedonism and idealism of his countrymen. The English democracy might submit to a great many privations and dangers for a cause in which it believed and felt to be its own ; it is not really likely that even the Cultural Department of the improved Committee of Imperial Defence will make it submit to being bombed for General Fuller's ideals. And untested assumptions about the efficacy of Fascist discipline in improving civilian *moral* are a most dubious basis for any hypothesis, political or military. The chances of a Fascist population breaking down in uncontrollable panic are probably quite as great as those of a democratic population doing the same thing, if one may judge from reports of the behaviour of the Italian militia under air attack.

As a purely military theorist General Fuller is extremely interesting and deserves careful attention. His views may be roughly summarised as a belief in offensive air action against civilian populations, intended to produce panic, as the decisive operation : the subordination of the fleet to the air force in the narrow seas, and the replacement of the heavy battleship by the aircraft carrier ; the remodelling of the existing army organisation so as to substitute an Indian gendarmerie and a mechanised striking force for the existing Cardwell system infantry army. In regard to this force he has some extremely important suggestions on tactical methods and formations, including a suggestion of the use of amphibian tanks and specialised transports for a landing force that might provide the means for a rapid and decisive attack by the British army on an enemy's industrial areas. The principal criticism that can be made here is that General Fuller

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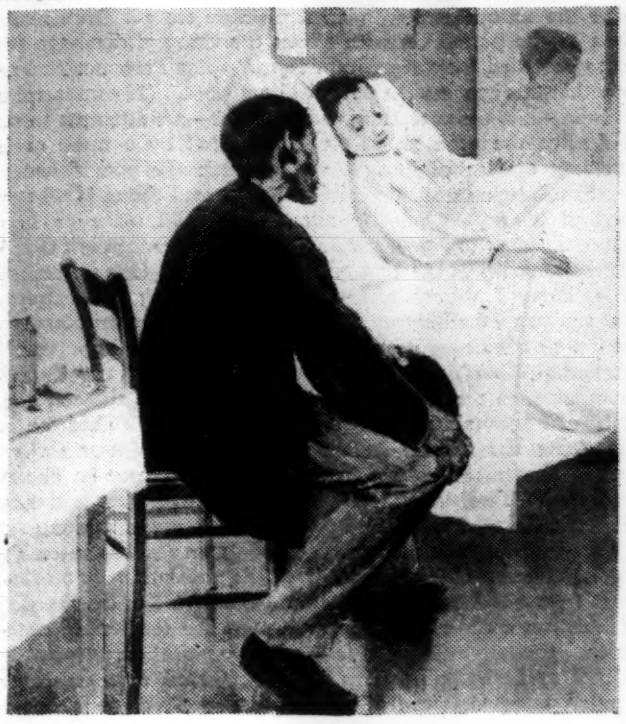

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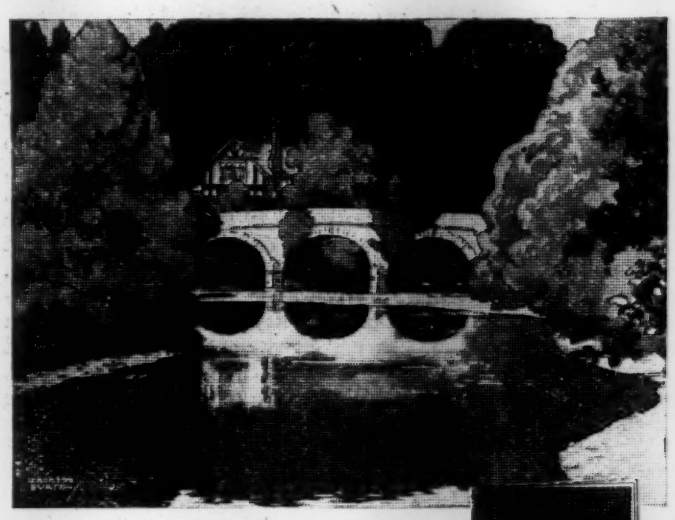

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is reckoning without his enemy, the old men in power, professional soldiers and professional politicians, and is imagining an intelligent war.

The chapter of his book that will perhaps receive most attention is that in which he discusses civilian defence against air attack, starting from the hypothesis that the object of attack is to cause panic rather than casualties; these, by military standards, are not likely to be important (except from famine and disease, a point not discussed). General Fuller suggests four to five hundred a day. His comment on gas defence is instructive and to the point. "I consider that gas masks will prove a godsend, not that the enemy is more likely to use gas bombs than high-explosive and incendiary, but because they will give terror-stricken people something to do. In any case, once they are adjusted they will prevent those wearing them shrieking and moving freely, and if they half-suffocate their wearers, anyhow panic will be half-suffocated in its turn."

JULIAN BELL

POETS AND POLITICS

Milton and Wordsworth. By SIR HERBERT J. GRIERSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The sub-title of this eminently sensible book is: "Poets and Prophets: A Study of their Reactions to Political Events." Professor Grierson keeps fairly firmly within the limits of his subject, but appears to have found Milton the more complex of the two cases he has chosen, for out of 182 pages 146 are all but exclusively devoted to him. Having asked the question whether the three great poems of Milton can be described as "prophetic," in the sense usually ascribed to that term, he decides that they can, but indicates that "didactic" is really the more accurate word.

> Is it the message that remains with us when we have finished the poem and the beauty of the passages where this message is propounded, as it is with (say) *The Prelude*, or is it the story just as such, the characters, and the art with which these are presented, the beauties of diction and imagery and verse?

Professor Grierson admits that there is considerable difficulty, at this particular moment of history, in answering this question. Christian mythology is at present at a discount, so we prefer to ascribe the unique and wonderful pleasure we get from reading Milton to the perfection with which the thing is done—to what used to be called the "significant form." But Professor Grierson knows that this explanation really will not work. The masterpieces of Milton—like those of Dante and Goethe—are attempts to state and resolve the problem of Good and Evil by a more or less convenient system of images, and as such the poems have an immediate bearing on the lives of all who read them, at whatever period of history. Thus, to ask "who could make an heroic poem of the story of Adam and Eve tempted to transgress a tabu?" is surely to strike at the root of all symbolism. One is reminded of Mr. Percy Lubbock concluding, after a long and extremely acute analysis of *Madame Bovary*, that Flaubert had erred in selecting so trivial a subject for so masterly and "important" a treatment. What Mr. F. L. Lucas has called "the death of Romanticism in the human soul" is not a trivial subject, nor is that loss of Innocence which results in the ability to see the best while doing the worst. At the same time, Professor Grierson seems to recognise this fact in another place, where he observes that it is the Temptation, not the Atonement, which is the crux of *Paradise Lost*. He has also pointed out that the personality of the poet informs, not the character of Satan (as has often been thought) but that of God Himself. This position made inevitable Milton's view of Satan's character and the nature of his rebellion: individualism could not be approved of in the totalitarian state of Heaven. Professor Grierson follows the political career of Milton in detail and shows how his early projected epic on English liberation never came to fruition on paper just because it did so in life: Milton lived and acted what he had meant only to describe. It remained for him to portray Cromwell in the Christ of *Paradise Regained*, though his hero did not in the end fulfil his hopes. On the question of love Professor Grierson makes the following interesting suggestion:

> That Milton's disappointment in marriage did an injury, never quite repaired, to the emotional, sympathetic side of his haughty character is, I think, undeniable. It prevented the spirit of love from penetrating the splendid but somewhat hard beauty of the later poem as that spirit does . . . the horrors of the *Inferno*, and moving in an unbroken crescendo to culminate in the warmth and colour of the *Paradiso*.

Whereas Milton fought a public battle, Wordsworth's was a strictly private one. The latter was, on the whole, a happy, integrated man; Milton was not. The two men had some points in common, but they differed in more important respects. As Professor Grierson says: "His [Wordsworth's] disposition was the opposite of Swift's, who loved individuals but hated the race." Milton managed to love both, which made him the greater man of the two, *as well as the greater poet*. And Milton never at any time made the fatal mistake of supposing that "One impulse from a vernal wood," etc., could teach more about humanity than the meditations of the wise or than an active life among men. But *The Prelude*, with its immortal descriptions of the young poet saluting the early days of the French Revolution, is proof that Wordsworth really knew this, too, though his temperament led him inexorably away from an active life such as Milton lived. And it is certainly "prophetic," in the Miltonic sense of justifying the ways of God to man.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

SHORTER NOTICES

Russian Spring. By PETER STUCLEY. *Selwyn and Blount.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Stucley's lively and unpretentious book gives a picture of Russian life as it strikes most visitors who belong to the English bourgeoisie. He visited Kiev, Tiflis and Erivan, as well as Moscow and Leningrad. He has nothing much to say about what are probably the two most interesting features of Soviet Russia, the working of the economic system and the diminution of money-mindedness. He was oppressed by the general shabbiness and shoddiness, but considers that the average Russian is content and enjoys greater advantages than he did under the Tsar. Like most recent visitors, he was astonished by the marked differences in income and conditions of living between the classes in a society which aims at being classless. He is, on the whole, admirably objective, but it may be argued that a non-Communist can no more understand Russia than a non-Catholic can understand a monastery. His interest in architecture and painting adds value to an agreeable book. If it contains nothing very new, it successfully avoids both the empty admiration of those who see only with the eye of Faith, and the foolish carping of those who continuously compare conditions in Russia with those enjoyed by the Western European bourgeoisie.

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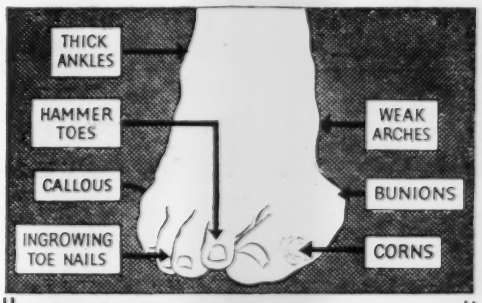

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A Textbook of European Musical Instruments. By FRANCIS W. GALPIN. *Williams and Norgate.* 7s. 6d.

Canon Galpin is a leading authority on the history of musical instruments, and his textbook is concise, accurate and well arranged. It is also very much up to date, and contains at the end some interesting pages on the subject of "Electrophonic Instruments"—that is, to put it crudely, the various attempts to turn the oscillating "howl" of the valve to musical use. It may be news to many that Martin Taubmann has succeeded in overcoming the chief objection of constant slurring between notes, and that rapid passages, arpeggios, and even a *staccato* can now be produced. The author is sanguine about the "unknown tonal effects and the mysterious charm" of this medium, for which Milhaud and other French composers have already written. In the "Aerophonic" section there is a disputable account of the *Heckelclarind*, a little-known instrument of the Saxophone type, named after the inventor. "It corresponds," says Canon Galpin, "to the pitch of the *cor anglais*, but is played with a single-beating reed. It is used for the shepherd's air in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*." The last sentence is misleading: we have never heard the passage in question played on any instrument other than the *cor anglais* for which Wagner wrote it. Forsyth's *Orchestration* does not dispel our confusion on the subject: he says that Heckel invented it "with the express purpose" of playing this solo, but gives its lowest note as A below middle C, whereas the solo descends to F. No more beautiful passage for *cor anglais* has ever been written; and why anyone should have invented an instrument of inadequate compass to replace it here remains a mystery. But this is a minute point in Canon Galpin's survey, which deserves further praise for its good illustrations and moderate price.

A Popular History of Witchcraft. By MONTAGUE SUMMERS. *Kegan Paul.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Summers is a firm believer in the reality and present menace of witchcraft, the Black Forces and the Church of Satan. His object in writing this supplementary study to his *History of Witchcraft and Demonology* (1926) is to "expose the horrid activities and propaganda of the society of devil-worshippers in our midst" by giving some account of recent cases of sorcery and black magic. The lack of any convincing documentary evidence for such cases does, he admits, present certain difficulties to the student of "these dark and riddling mysteries." But then, he says, we should not complain of the natural reluctance to furnish details on the part of those who have been in actual contact with, and it may be who have hardly escaped from the clutches of, the Satanists. They are afraid of the vengeance and pursuit of the witches. Dr. Summers laments the repeal of James I's laws against "those infernal gangs" which, according to him, are now busy working through the political parties of the Left with the same paraphernalia of eye of newt, toe of frog and finger of birth-strangled babe as in the time of Macbeth. "Who can doubt that the Revolution of Russia, the persecution of Mexico, the anarchy and atrocities of Spain, have been fomented, energised and directed by Satanic agency? . . . It is reported that among the red raving mobs, the dregs of the populace, unleashed to slaughter and the most inhuman savageries, there mingle demons under the form of men, who urge on and encourage the bloodshed and the fires, nor have I for one any difficulty in believing that this is the case." Dr. Summers' knowledge of the Spanish Civil War appears to be based exclusively on such sources as the *Daily Mail* and the *Universe*, and the readiness with which he accepts atrocity stories, so absurd that they provide their own antidote, is a measure of his medieval credulity in the matter of witchcraft. If we are not actually told that the Black Mass is practised every night in the Kremlin, we are at least led to believe that every Communist is a devil-worshipper and a member of "the Black International of Satan—the canker which is corrupting and destroying the world." Apart from such harmless asides, the present work is a useful summary of the alleged attributes and practice of witches, familiars, incubi and succubi and is a useful handbook of popular superstition.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1937. Edited by the Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. *Skinner.* 60s.

Once again this encyclopaedic financial reference book makes its appearance with a still greater number of pages necessitated by the addition of particulars of nearly 500 loans and companies, a figure which indicates the activity of last year. Despite its size and nine and a half pounds avoirdupois, the binding is completely adequate even for daily use, and the print and paper excellent. As usual, the greater part of the volume is devoted to particulars of Securities and Companies grouped together under appropriate headings, and the special chapters to Municipal, County, Dominion and Colonial Finance, etc. This year Fixed and Flexible (Unit) Trusts have been given a section to themselves, which is a distinct improvement considering the prominence their securities have attained, and a Summary of the Board of Trade Departmental Committee's Report on such trusts is included in a special chapter. Anyone having the responsibility for the investment of money will find this book well-nigh indispensable.

Under Sail Through Red Devon. By RAYMOND B. CATTELL. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

Into this pleasant account of Devon as it may be entered by sea, Mr. Cattell has done for the West Country what for years past yachtsman-writers have been doing for Essex; that, and more, for Mr. Cattell, having entered the country by estuary or inlet, from time to time, left his little craft, built from his own design in the form of a seaworthy canoe, and with his crew of one marched into the interior. In this way between the years 1931 and 1935, he travelled 230 miles by water and 120 miles on foot. Mr. Cattell has led the light craft way into Devon, and will doubtless be followed by many who will find the essential facts of wind and tide, harbour and anchorage very plainly set out. The descriptions of scenery are at times purplish, but they are lively and interesting, and agreeably mingled with the history of the county.

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Canon Galpin is a leading authority on the history of musical instruments, and his textbook is concise, accurate and well arranged. It is also very much up to date, and contains at the end some interesting pages on the subject of "Electrophonic Instruments"—that is, to put it crudely, the various attempts to turn the oscillating "howl" of the valve to musical use. It may be news to many that Martin Taubmann has succeeded in overcoming the chief objection of constant slurring between notes, and that rapid passages, arpeggios, and even a *staccato* can now be produced. The author is sanguine about the "unknown tonal effects and the mysterious charm" of this medium, for which Milhaud and other French composers have already written. In the "Aerophonic" section there is a disputable account of the *Heckelclarind*, a little-known instrument of the Saxophone type, named after the inventor. "It corresponds," says Canon Galpin, "to the pitch of the *cor anglais*, but is played with a single-beating reed. It is used for the shepherd's air in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*." The last sentence is misleading: we have never heard the passage in question played on any instrument other than the *cor anglais* for which Wagner wrote it. Forsyth's *Orchestration* does not dispel our confusion on the subject: he says that Heckel invented it "with the express purpose" of playing this solo, but gives its lowest note as A below middle C, whereas the solo descends to F. No more beautiful passage for *cor anglais* has ever been written; and why anyone should have invented an instrument of inadequate compass to replace it here remains a mystery. But this is a minute point in Canon Galpin's survey, which deserves further praise for its good illustrations and moderate price.

A Popular History of Witchcraft. By MONTAGUE SUMMERS. *Kegan Paul.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Summers is a firm believer in the reality and present menace of witchcraft, the Black Forces and the Church of Satan. His object in writing this supplementary study to his *History of Witchcraft and Demonology* (1926) is to "expose the horrid activities and propaganda of the society of devil-worshippers in our midst" by giving some account of recent cases of sorcery and black magic. The lack of any convincing documentary evidence for such cases does, he admits, present certain difficulties to the student of "these dark and riddling mysteries." But then, he says, we should not complain of the natural reluctance to furnish details on the part of those who have been in actual contact with, and it may be who have hardly escaped from the clutches of, the Satanists. They are afraid of the vengeance and pursuit of the witches. Dr. Summers laments the repeal of James I's laws against "those infernal gangs" which, according to him, are busy working through the political parties of the Left with the ... paraphernalia of eye of newt, toe of frog and finger of birth-strang... babe as in the time of Macbeth. "Who can doubt that the Revolu... of Russia, the persecution of Mexico, the anarchy and atrocities ... Spain, have been fomented, energised and directed by Satanic agen... . . . It is reported that among the red raving mobs, the dregs of ... populace, unleashed to slaughter and the most inhuman savageries, th... mingle demons under the form of men, who urge on and encourage ... bloodshed and the fires, nor have I for one any difficulty in believ... that this is the case." Dr. Summers' knowledge of the Spanish C... War appears to be based exclusively on such sources as the *Daily M...* and the *Universe*, and the readiness with which he accepts atrocity story... so absurd that they provide their own antidote, is a measure of ... medieval credulity in the matter of witchcraft. If we are not actua... told that the Black Mass is practised every night in the Kremlin, we a... at least led to believe that every Communist is a devil-worshipper a... a member of "the Black International of Satan—the canker which ... corrupting and destroying the world." Apart from such harmle... asides, the present work is a useful summary of the alleged attributes a... practice of witches, familiars, incubi and succubi and is a usef... handbook of popular superstition.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1937. Edited by th... Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. *Skinner.* 60s.

Once again this encyclopaedic financial reference book makes ... appearance with a still greater number of pages necessitated by the ... addition of particulars of nearly 500 loans and companies, a figure which ... indicates the activity of last year. Despite its size and nine and a half ... pounds avoirdupois, the binding is completely adequate even for daily ... use, and the print and paper excellent. As usual, the greater part of ... the volume is devoted to particulars of Securities and Companies ... grouped together under appropriate headings, and the special chapters ... to Municipal, County, Dominion and Colonial Finance, etc. This year ... Fixed and Flexible (Unit) Trusts have been given a section to themselves, ... which is a distinct improvement considering the prominence their ... securities have attained, and a Summary of the Board of Trade Depart... mental Committee's Report on such trusts is included in a special chapter. ... Anyone having the responsibility for the investment of money will find ... this book well-nigh indispensable.

Under Sail Through Red Devon. By RAYMOND B. CATTELL. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

Into this pleasant account of Devon as it may be entered by sea Mr. Cattell has done for the West Country what for years past yachtsman-writers have been doing for Essex; that, and more, for Mr. Cattell, having entered the country by estuary or inlet from time to time in his little craft, built from his own design in the form of a seaworthy canoe, and with his crew of one marched into the interior. In this way between the years 1931 and 1935, he travelled 230 miles by water and 120 miles on foot. Mr. Cattell has led the light craft way into Devon, and will doubtless be followed by many who will find the essential facts of wind and tide, harbour and anchorage very plainly set out. The descriptions of scenery are at times purplish, but they are lively and interesting, and agreeably mingled with the history of the county.

Tours to the U.S.S.R.

MOSCOW
LENINGRAD
THE CAUCASUS
UKRAINE
CRIMEA
VOLGA

You can visit them all from £1 per day
all-inclusive

Ask for details from any Leading Travel Agency, or from Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2.

Week-end Competitions

No. 377

Set by T. W. Earp

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best lists of six popular fallacies (e.g. that the laws of cricket correspond with those of moral integrity or the elephant never forgets).

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 11th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 375

Set by G. W. Stonier

The butler on the packet of Kensitas cigarettes has now been identified as Jeeves, and Kensitas advertisements give us every week a piece of Wodehousian prose. This method might be extended

FIT *The New*

DUNLOP

Fort

SUPREME and EXCLUSIVE

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM

Branches throughout the World

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7H/148

MORNING'S MOUTH

The tooth paste of the wise, used last thing at night, means clean refreshment in the morning. But a mouth thus cleansed and sweetened is only part of the good work.

Euthymol makes the teeth **beautifully clean**, and is perfectly free from injurious **grittiness**. It is beneficent to the enamel, and is recommended by doctors and dentists. **Price 1s. 3d.** per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

Send to Dept 82/83 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day trial sample and an interesting book on the care of the teeth, then buy a tube from your chemist, price 1/3.

WEEK BY WEEK
THE DEMAND
INCREASES

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

HERE'S A STEELWORKS, in Lincolnshire. The works manager, on his way home, is talking to the head draughtsman — just talking of ordinary things — cigarettes, in fact: "..... blended better — anyway, they smoke better." And tomorrow, the draughtsman will try Capstan, and also become converted ..... And so it goes on ..... and on ..... We supply the cigarettes smokers demand.

W. D. & H. O. Wills.

Branches Throughout Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.5718

other authors and other products. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best advertisement concerning gin, halitosis, rejuvenation, night starvation, soap, book of the month, clubs, beauty preparations, milk, mowing machines, wireless sets, chocolates, undertakers, bookies, missionary societies, stays, umbrellas, magazines, or encyclopaedias, in the style of D. H. Lawrence, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Hemingway, Huxley, Miss Compton-Burnett, Gertrude Stein, Ronald Firbank, T. S. Eliot, Spender, Barrie, A. E. Housman, Dr. Johnson or Sir Thomas Browne. Any product may be mated with any author, and the advertisements should be not longer than 300 words in prose or 25 lines in verse.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I gather from reading the entries to this competition that Housman, if not the most popular name on the list, is at least the easiest to parody. Housman on Halitosis produced a large number of poems which were more or less amusingly like the original; Housman also attracted on coffins and gin. But when you are parodying an author who is easy game and writes so near to formula it is essential to get details right.

When Terence breathed his love to Fan
She turned her head away, (J. Conn.)

is not quite good enough, because Fan is an impossible Christian name to link with Terence in Shropshire pastoral. Stephil, too, spoils some admirable verses by adding to coffin a comic undertaker, Brown and Goffin. I liked Richard Pomfret's beginning:

The vales of Clud, the meads of Clop,

and B. Sch. Saklatvala's savage ending. But none of the Housman poems seemed to me polished enough as a whole to deserve a prize. Of the others, Eliot, Dr. Johnson and, surprisingly, Miss Compton Burnett, proved the most tractable. The Joyces, Lawrences and Barries were nearly all poor. Sachs Novice produced a fair Hemingway. R. A. H. began Steining brilliantly on Wireless with "The fleet is the fleet is all lit up," but after a few lines became almost as unreadable as the original. After the prize-winners, H. B. and Erik Warman, both with Compton-Burnetts, were the best; the latter was particularly subtle. I recommend that the prizes be divided equally between Robert Bartlett, Eremita and S. E. R. A. (please send address).

I

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR POLYTHYMOL TOOTHPASTE IN THE MANNER OF T. S. ELIOT.

Lovely but lonely
La Belle Helène, famous Beauty Queen
Acclaimed the Toast of Surbiton
With a wicked pair of hips. Notwithstanding
"A year ago to-day he brought me Buttercups"
Could never bring it off
Exhaling sighs as gentle as a breeze on softly flowing Thames
Blown upwards from a Chelsea Embankment sewer
Butter No Butter Butta Butta Cups

You ought to do something about it, I said
Nellie ain't no blooming rose he said to me
Oh did he, she said, and socked me one
SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED

Polythymol deriding Halitosis
Forgot the wailing saxophone and the swaying backsides
and the Dividend Account
Restoring Ernie to the arms of Helen

Herr Doktor Klaus the German Dentist
White coated with a pocket full of golf balls
Guessed my handicap first time
Remains lie rotting in impenetrable caves
Picked over by the tooth-pick only week to week
Il est cocu le Chef de Gare
Clean your teeth with Polythymol Clean your teeth
Clean ROBERT BARTLETT

II

COMPTON AND BURNETT, UNDERTAKERS.

"Well, Mother," said John, "you must feel that Father had every possible attention. It is all over, and there is nothing more to be done. We must not allow you to worry as if you had still something to do."

"Ah, my son," said Mrs. Milton, "there is still something to be done; the last thing that can be done for your Father, and you have not thought of it. I am the only person to think of it, it is well that you have me here when you cannot think for yourselves. Here am I, just a poor widow woman with my burden of grief, and neither of my children will help me. Have you thought what is to become of your Father's funeral? When people die it is usual for there to be a funeral."

"I have sent a note to Compton and Burnett," said Prudence. "I have told them that we should like everything done in a suitable manner and without unnecessary expense."

"How can you think of money at such a time?" said Mrs. Milton. "Is this a common social occasion that we should try to save every penny? I say nothing more, I am an old woman with a burden of grief, I am not equal to a discussion. It must be as you have arranged, whether I like it or not."

"I could not think of money at such a time," said Prudence, "therefore I sent for Compton and Burnett who will think of it for us. Money must be thought of—ah Prudence, rightly named!"

"And it shall be as you like," said John.

"Though money is saved, it will not be like one of our common social occasions," said Prudence. "It will be suitably managed; you will see how unlike our friends find it." EREMITA

III

SIR T. B. OF THE PRODUCT AMBROSIA, WHICH SWEETENETH A FOUL BREATH

To emit a fetor and unsavoury rankness is the defence of certain animals, as the Skunke of *America*, but graveolency would rarely advantage a Man, banishing his Frend as well as his Foe; unless it were to avoid an unwelcome Venus, as Ovid saith, *De Remed. Amoris*. But Man is a social Animal, avid of the intercourse of love and frendship, and therefore a sweet savour hath ever been desired, or at the least not to offend. Thurification, which availeth to edulcorate the emanations of the Body, and sufficeth therefore to the remoter intercourse of frendship, hath been in use at the banquets of Epicures and the Christian *agape*. But for the closer cherishings of Venus we must dulcify the very exhalation of the Mouth; which to do might be taken for Luxury, had we not a divine warrant in the Song of Songs, *Favus distillans labia tua, etc.*, and the general command, Increase and multiply, which were impossible if Love should be hindered. Try, therefore, the product *AMBROSIA; Olimircus* and *Aphrodisius* have found it sovereign, and *Aldovrandus* himself doth commend it. S. E. R. A.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 231.—THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.

[*This problem is, in a sense, a sequel to Problem 229, by the same composer, and the solutions of the two will be published together.*—CALIBAN].

At our local tournament Mr. Hitt and Mr. Miss were drawn against one another both in the open level singles and in the handicap singles. The referee made Mr. Hitt give Mr. Miss 15 in each game in the handicaps, and this produced an ideal contest in which victory was ong delayed.

What is the most probable score in each set in the level event?

PROBLEM 225.—AT THE GOLDEN PHEASANT

(*a*) *The Professor was occupying seat 2 or seat 6.*

(*b*) *The chance that his wife was sitting next to him was* 25 : 53.

I have come to the conclusion, after studying competitors' criticisms, that the wording of this problem was not at all satisfactory. "Each of us will move to a different seat" was intended to be explicit, but the subsequent phrase "Each of you will in turn draw one of the slips and—unless the seat drawn is his own—will move to whatever place is indicated" has bothered so many competitors that in fairness I must offer them my apologies. What was designed, of course, was that a diner drawing his own number should put back the slip and draw again; but even had this been made clear, the indicated procedure would not be altogether satisfactory, since conceivably after five diners had drawn the sixth would find himself with no number but that of his old seat, and the draw would presumably have to start all over again. (Curiously, no competitor has pointed out this second flaw.)

However, given that everyone does change, each possible rearrangement of the diners must be equally likely; there are 265 such rearrangements (this can be ascertained either by formula or empirically) —53 in respect of each possible move by the Professor. And it will be found that if he moves to seat 2 or seat 6 there are 25 chances of his finding his wife next to him; if he moves to seat 4, 22 chances; if he moves to seat 3 or 5, 14 chances.

Hence the answer as above.

PROBLEM 228

This time the conditions were explicitly stated (though one or two solvers have overlooked the fact that the diners were seated "as before"). In view of the difficulties raised by Problem 225, there is a surprisingly large crop of correct solutions. *The answer is that the odds against the three men sitting together are* 38 : 15.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thur., Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

COLISEUM. Ballets de Monte Carlo. W., S.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. This Sat.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Th.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. The Constant Wife. Wed. & Thurs.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

MERCURY. In Theatre Street. Sat.

OLD VIC. Murder in the Cathedral. June 10·

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEEN'S. He Was Born Gay. Wed., Sat.

STRAND. Judgment Day. Tu., Th.

W'MINSTER. A Month in the Country. W., S.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thur., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

OPERA AND BALLET

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO
Director, Rene Blum. Creations of Michel Fokine.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 275 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
Evgs, 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
JANE EYRE
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

COMEDY. Over 200 Perfs. Whi. 2578.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.0. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON in
CARELESS RAPTURE
FINAL PERFORMANCES, JUNE 5th.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, AGNES LAUCHLAN.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. WED., THURS., 2.30.
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
THE CONSTANT WIFE
RUTH CHATTERTON. CECIL PARKER.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

MERCURY. Park 5700. 8.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., 2.30.
IN THEATRE STREET
Lenormand's Deep and Brilliant Comedy.
"ANOTHER MERCURY SUCCESS."—*Morning Post.*

OLD VIC. WAT. 6336. *6d.* to *7s. 6d.*
8.30 (from JUNE 8th). THURS., SAT., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL
by T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as "Becket."

PLAYHOUSE. Over 475 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD in
HE WAS BORN GAY
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8888.
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660).
EVENINGS, 8.30. MATINEES, Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
JUDGMENT DAY
by ELMER RICE.

WESTMINSTER. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY
GILLIAN SCAIFE, SCOTT SUNDERLAND.
Seats bookable, 6/-, 3/6, 2/6. Box Office, Vic. 0283.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & THURS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON. Repertory.
Evenings 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Will Shakespeare By Clemence Dane.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Charity Begins By John Ireland Wood.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Moral Gestures By Edward Wooll.

MANCHESTER. Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Devonshire Cream By Eden Phillpotts.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.*

GARDEN PARTIES

THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY
in AID of
THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE,
TUESDAY, June 8th, from 3 to 7.
QUEEN MARY'S GARDENS,
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.
The Most Popular Event of the London Season.
TICKETS (of all Theatres and Libraries).
3*s.* before the day, 5*s.* on the day.

F.P.S.I. Garden party at Nettleden Lodge, near Berkhamsted (Mr. Haire's country house), Saturday, June 19th, at 3 p.m. Sideshows, treasure-hunt, dancing in evening. Tickets, including tea and supper: members 5*s.*, non-members 6*s.* Transport from London if required, 4*s.* 6*d.* return. Apply with remittance to F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

RESTAURANTS

DON'T libel English cooking. Lunch, Dinner and late Supper at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

FOR THE TABLE

COMING to EDINBURGH?
MACKIE'S serve excellent meals in pleasant rooms at 108 Princes Street.
Opposite the Castle.

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ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S Great Dramatic Triumph,
BURGTHEATER (U).
With CARL ESMOND, WERNER KRAUSS, OLGA TSCHECHOWA, HANS MOSER.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 7th JUNE, for SEVEN DAYS.
EXCLUSIVE PRESENTATION of
SENSATIONAL SPANISH FILM,
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!
Also *KAMERADSCHAFT* (A) by G. W. PABST.

ART EXHIBITIONS, Etc.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6.
IMPORTANT EXHIBITION of Paintings by BONNARD, BOUDIN, DERAIN, JOHN, JONGKIND, MANET, MATISSE, MILLET, MONET, PISSARRO, RENDIR, SICKERT, SISLEY, UTRILLO, VULLARD.

PERSONAL

WANTED.—Morose young man to share furn. flat with another ditto. £1 p.w. inclusive. Apply Box 800, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FRENCH conversation, etc., by Licenciée (Paris). Ring TER 4917 between 8.30–9.30 a.m. or 1–2.30 p.m.

EDUCATED German family, living in France since 1933, seeks exchange for fourteen-year-old boy to live in English family Aug./Sept.; child or student either sex, any age, to be taken in return, June/July or Oct. onwards. Further details from MRS. HARRIS, 59 Aberdare Gdns., London, N.W.6.

AUSTRIAN lady, writing in German, wishes regular correspondence with English lady (or gentleman), aged 40–50, replying in English, view to improve each other's language. MARY POPIEL, Wimbergergasse 9, Vienna VII, Austria.

PARISIENNE teacher wishes spend summer holidays paying guest intellectual family London. Tennis player. MDLLE. MARCILLAC, 64 Fox Lane, London, N.13.

A DANCING HOLIDAY at Stratford-on-Avon. Write to the SECRETARY, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1, for particulars of the English Folk Dance and Song Society's Summer School, July 31st–August 14th.

SIX-FOOT Rambling Club (London) would welcome new members; men or women. Box 804, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE ROEL SUMMER SCHOOL OF PUPPETRY, to be held at Lower Guiting in the Cotswolds, July 31st to August 14th and August 14th to August 28th. For particulars apply to JOHN VINDEN, 79 Ryland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

ADVERTISER wishes place French Boy in Holiday Home. English lessons. Young companionship. Terms. Box 798, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WILL someone exchange flat or house, London, August, for my cottage in Suffolk village; 3 bedrooms; electric light and cooker; bath. TREZISE, Cavendish, Suffolk.

E. V. LUCAS in the *SUNDAY TIMES.*
The salt of Sunday is to be found in Mr. E. V. Lucas's weekly article in the *Sunday Times.* His wit and his range of knowledge always produce something stirringly unexpected. If the morning is wet, his article is the sovereign diversion; if the whole day is fine, there is still a corner in which to read him.
Specimen copy on application to the PUBLISHER, *Sunday Times* (Dept. N.S.), 200 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

BEAUTY spot near VIENNA. Students from 5 Austrian *Schillings* daily. English, French, German spoken. Particulars from CHAMBERLAIN, 40 Lindley Avenue, Southsea.

NUDIST CLUB, central London, both sexes, Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SOCIALIST (Artist preferred) with Ideas and £400 wanted to partner two others with existing printing, publishing, book and news business in N.W. suburb. Good contact and prospects. (Local Labour paper in view). Box 806, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

"THE SUNDAY THEATRE," Dame Marie Tempest, Patron, Dame Sybil Thorndike, President, has been formed to present stimulating plays with a message helpful to humanity. A GREAT NEED. Season starts Autumn. Would welcome active support of public-spirited patrons. PLAY COMPETITION. Write MAY HAYSAC, 39 Fursecroft, Bryanston Square, W.1.

ANTHONY PANTING regrets delay or inconvenience caused by his absence, and will return to 5 Paddington Street on June 9th.

PRINTERS

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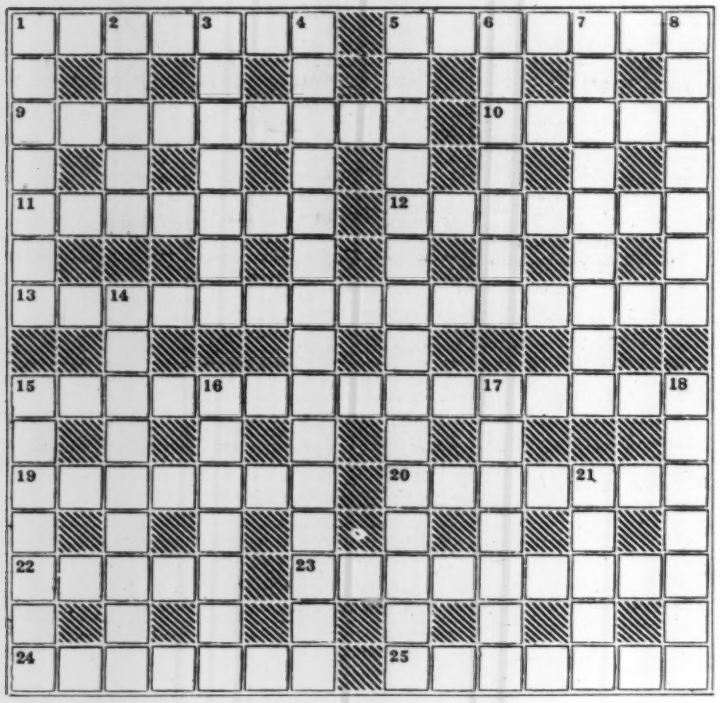
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 378

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
D. V. Mallagh, 92 Kidbrook Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.3

ACROSS

1. Will put the breeze up a mouse, even on land.
5. Possibly a striking reprisal.
9. Ruling symbol of the steel magnate?
10. Absolute way to speak.
11. The result of this is usually invalid.
12. A crush at the observation post.
13. Forbidden, even to sailors, at railway stations.
15. Three formerly symbolised the Duke of Windsor.
19. A boy seems to have been blown up in this town.
20. The Peerage's opinion of the Commonalty?
22. Meritorious honour to a backward age.
23. They have homely intentions oversea.
24. Say, the bass gets in on his head.
25. Would the organ do for this?

DOWN

1. I have a short account on the card.
2. Describes ups and downs at sea.
3. Smokers who write advertisements?—for steam engines.
4. Lord Hailsham's minor cares?
5. The Glebe?
6. Marked way to give a few wrinkles.
7. Best "academic" position of the washing on Monday.
8. A couple for the organist.
14. They never enjoy the *entrée* of course.
15. Chaotic SOS on the Ouse.
16. Half an anna on the Empire.
17. Dizzy hero.
18. Relation who puts his foot down.
21. Instrumental in putting Joseph or to Prohibition.

LAST WEEKS' CROSSWORD

S	L	O	W	M	A	R	C	H	■	S	I	T	E	S
A	■	U	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	W	■	E	■	T
T	U	R	I	N	■	S	A	M	W	E	L	L	E	R
E	■	M	■	G	■	E	■	M	■	L	■	E	■	A
D	O	U	B	L	E	T	■	O	U	T	S	P	A	N
■	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	C	■	E	■	H	■	G
L	O	U	D	S	P	E	A	K	E	R	■	O	I	L
O	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	■
S	O	L	■	C	O	P	P	E	R	F	I	E	L	D
T	■	F	■	H	■	R	■	X	■	U	■	N	■	■
S	U	R	N	A	M	E	■	C	O	L	O	U	R	S
H	■	I	■	N	■	S	■	U	■	C	■	M	■	A
E	X	E	R	C	I	S	E	S	■	R	E	B	E	L
E	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	U	■	E	■	L	■	■
P	E	D	A	L	■	S	A	S	H	M	A	R	A	Y

The Old Curiosity Shop
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Kingsway
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14 PORTSMOUTH STREET—"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP". This noted literary shrine lies just off the south west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in a neighbourhood full of Dickensian memories.
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NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS Special Moisture-proof wrapping ensures Player's No. 3 being always in good condition.
20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

MARKS & SPENCER, LTD.—(*Contd. from opposite page*)

our medical services we are happy to report that the general standard of health has considerably improved.

CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT

The maximum working week for our staff is 48 hours, and the average 46½ hours. Every employee of over one year's service is entitled to a minimum of two weeks' holiday with pay. In addition, in the event of absence due to sickness, full wages are paid up to two weeks in each year, and in many cases for a longer period.

In conclusion, it is my pleasure to join the Chairman in thanking our staff for their work and co-operation in the past twelve months.

The resolution for the adoption of the Report and Accounts was carried unanimously.

Resolutions were also passed re-electing the Auditors and the Directors who retired by rotation, and approving the proposed capitalisation of reserves and the bonus issue of one in ten to holders of Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares.

It was announced that Dividend Warrants and Letters of Allotments in respect of the bonus issue would be posted on June 5th to those shareholders whose names were on the Register of Members on May 1st, 1937.

HEFFER

WE WILL BUY LIBRARIES

We are always prepared to buy libraries of any size; we send a valuer, pack and remove at our own expense. Recently we have purchased the libraries of Mandell Creighton, D.D., Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir F. Pollock, Sir J. Stewart Lockhart.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED
Booksellers — Cambridge — England

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER, LIMITED

MR. SIMON MARKS ON THE COMPANY'S PROGRESS

CO-OPERATION WITH MANUFACTURERS

STAFF WELFARE

THE Eleventh Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer, Limited, was held on May 28th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Mr. Simon Marks (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

In the course of his speech the Chairman said:

It is with pleasure that I am again able to report a satisfactory increase in the net earnings of the Company. The net profit for the past year, after providing for Directors' Fees, Management Remuneration, Depreciation and other charges, amounts to £1,433,250, an increase of £168,844 over the preceding year.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The Directors recommend the following allocations:—

By transferring to Staff Benevolent and Pensions Fund	£25,000			
By writing off Discount and New Issue Expenses in respect of the 3½ per cent. Debenture Stock	£54,454			
Debenture Redemption Fund ..	£11,166	against	£10,544	last year.
Properties Contingency Reserve..	£61,457	„	£50,000	„
General Reserve Account ..	£308,846	„	£343,496	„
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, thus making 40 per cent. for the year ended March 31st, 1937	£397,115	„	£358,741	„
By carrying forward to next year's Accounts	£82,583	„	£87,684	brought in.

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors recommend that £158,846, from the General Reserve Account, be capitalised, and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of the Company in the proportion of one "A" Ordinary Share for every ten Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Shares held.

RESERVES

After making the proposed allocations and provision for the Bonus Shares, our General Reserve will stand at £1,850,000, the whole of which is invested in the business, and the proposed appropriation to Properties Contingency Reserve will bring the amount of that Fund up to £250,000.

Your Directors decided, in view of the low rates of interest prevailing in the money market, to make an issue of £2,500,000 in Debentures carrying interest at 3½ per cent. at a price of 98 per cent. Out of the proceeds of this issue they paid off outstanding loans of £1,500,000, and the balance of £1,000,000 was available for the acquisition of further properties and the general development of the Company's business.

Turning to the assets side of the Balance Sheet, Freehold, Leasehold and Leased Properties stand at £7,279,595, being a net increase of £897,261. Furniture and Fixtures stand at £637,045, being a net increase of £79,959, and the Stock-in-Trade stands at £1,179,141, an increase of £273,149 over last year.

The cash with the Bankers and in hand stands at £1,492,226, showing an increase over last year of £471,503.

DEVELOPMENT

To-day we are operating 218 stores throughout the country. During the last 12 months' we opened 15 new stores, 4 of which replaced stores which had become inadequate for our developing requirements. We have, in addition, extended 25 other stores. Two small stores were closed in places where we had previously opened modern units. We now operate 37 miles of counter space, an increase of about 14 per cent. over the corresponding amount of selling space a year ago.

Our present programme already embraces 15 entirely new stores (two being replacements) and over 40 extensions.

Practically all our stores have been modernised and enlarged in order to take care of the increasing business. This intensive development is a particular feature of our present policy.

The volume of business, which since 1926 has increased nearly 14-fold, has demanded our constant attention. It has from the first been one of our guiding principles to encourage to the utmost the home production of the goods we sell, and to-day over 92 per cent. of the manufactured goods on our counters are British made.

CO-OPERATION WITH MANUFACTURERS

With so large and so rapidly expanding a volume of turnover, continuity of supply became a factor of the greatest importance, and to secure it special arrangements have had to be made with our manufacturers.

Together we have aimed at keeping down costs of production whilst improving quality, so that larger sections of the community could have their wants, for an increasing variety of goods, satisfied at prices within their capacity to pay.

Planned production, ingenuity and adaptiveness have made it possible to produce goods in a variety of qualities and styles and at prices which we could not have visualised years ago.

The policy of progressive cost reduction and improvement in quality and variety has won steady support over a decade and produced the results which are before you to-day.

By restricting ourselves to price limits up to 5s. per article, we of this Company have set ourselves the task of including within that price range the most extensive variety of goods, for which a large-scale demand exists or can be created. We have done pioneer work in this field, which has been appreciated by the public.

STAFF WELFARE

Our employees now number nearly 15,000, and our relations with them are based on a spirit of friendship and understanding. We are concerned not only to pay adequate wages, but with the conditions in which they work, their efficiency and with their general welfare. The service which is rendered the customer by a contented and efficient staff plays a very important part in building up a business.

Our Welfare Department maintains intimate and cordial contact with the staff. It strives to develop conditions which make for happiness in work, and to improve the general conditions of employment. The individual well-being of each employee, the lessening of strain, the provision of personal help in all problems, is the concern of the Welfare Supervisors.

The benefits and amenities which this department has organised cover a wide field—sports and social clubs, holiday camps, medical services of all kinds, canteens where wholesome meals at low costs are provided, and rest-rooms for relaxation during the working day.

The Welfare Department administers directly and through special staff officers in each store the Welfare Fund, the budget of which this year will be in the neighbourhood of £100,000.

The Welfare Fund is one of the three funds—the others are the Pensions Fund and the Benevolent Fund—operated by your Board in the interests of the staff. Each fund has its own field.

The Pensions Fund, designed for the headquarters and management staff, is on a contributory basis. Pensions are provided for those who retire from business at the age of 60 and for their dependants in the event of their earlier death.

The Benevolent Fund, which was inaugurated last year, will meet such contingencies as cannot be calculated actuarially and provided for by insurance. It will deal with many personal problems which may arise through ill-health or age on the part of the general body of our employees.

The provision for the future made by these funds has given a sense of security, the absence of which is so commonly a source of grave anxiety. Our reward is an efficient staff giving loyal and enthusiastic collaboration. They respond to all the calls made by an expanding business, and it is a great pleasure to me to place on record the thanks of the Board to every one of them.

Mr. Simon Marks then moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts. Mr. Norman Laski, B.A., in seconding the resolution said:

It is gratifying to note that the large increase in profits shown this year does not come from charging high prices or obtaining large profit margins, but from the greatly increased volume of business.

I should like to add a word about our Personnel and Welfare Departments, with which I am more particularly associated. I think we can say that while we now employ a record number of persons, our contacts with our staff have never in the history of the Company been as close or as cordial as they are to-day.

PROVISION FOR HEALTH OF EMPLOYEES

The Chairman has referred to our health services, which are administered by the Welfare Department. A healthy staff is an asset to a business, and a great deal of thought and attention is given to the maintenance of fitness among our employees. Since the institution of

(Continued on opposite page)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

BURIAL OF N.D.C.—GOLD UNCERTAINTIES—ANGLO-IRANIAN—UNFIXING A TRUST—NEWSPAPER SHARES

IN the chorus of City approval which greeted the Government's decision to abandon N.D.C., with all its anomalies, inequities and costly assessments of "real" capital, there has been little consideration given yet to the probable nature and effects of the "simpler" alternative tax which the Chancellor is to devise. If it takes the form of a mere re-enactment of the 1920 Corporation Profits Tax, the City will not be pleased. True, a flat rate of 4 per cent., which would bring in something like the £25,000,000 indicated as the prospective budgetary requirement, would not fall oppressively on any company. But there is much to be said against a levy which is borne by incorporated undertakings, as opposed to individuals, at the expense either of equity shareholders or reserves. The City would much prefer to see the £850,000,000 assessable under Schedule D subjected to a 2½ or 3 per cent. surcharge. If this plan were adopted, it might even be possible for the Government, without much opposition, to incorporate Sir Arthur Salter's suggestion that the surcharge should be in two parts—a flat rate of tax, *plus* a flat, non-graduated surtax on increases over the datum level of, say, 1935–36. Meanwhile markets have staged a sizeable recovery from the doldrums. Commodity shares, and notably those of metal producers, which stood to be hardest hit by N.D.C., have advanced sharply, and industrials with a rising record of earnings have all appreciated.

* * *

I doubt, however, if the abandonment of N.D.C. spells the automatic re-emergence of boom conditions. Markets take time to recover from a major shock to "bullish" confidence; rising industrial costs are a factor to which more attention is being paid by investors; and commodities are a long way below their 1937 "peaks." It is natural that, with uncertainties created by N.D.C. removed, vulnerable shares such as Roan Antelope and Turner & Newall, in their respective spheres, should rally. On Wednesday, however, it was noticeable that, after an early all-round marking-up of prices, quotations ended, in most cases, below the best. There was no rush to buy on the part of the public. For one thing, the "gold scare" is becoming a sort of Cheshire Cat, reappearing disconcertingly as soon as fears about the stability of the metal's price begin temporarily to die away. On Tuesday, Mr. Secretary Morgenthau of the U.S. Treasury once more emphatically denied that there is any question of an "imminent" change in the American Government's gold price policy. This was reassuring up to a point; but, apart from increased supplies of newly mined gold which are reaching the market, the flood of dishoarded gold is unabated. On the first three days of this week the British Exchange Equalisation Account had to absorb over £5,000,000 of gold from this source. Though there are limits to the volume of potential dishoarding, the problem of temporarily redundant supplies must be tackled. I am inclined to expect efforts to secure an international agreement, to which the U.S.S.R. would be asked to become a party, designed to secure limitation of exports of new gold. It is significant that in the annual report of the Netherlands Bank, Dr. Trip, the President, recommends this course as a solution preferable to any plan for reducing the price of gold.

* * *

The munificence of the directors of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company exceeded the highest market expectations. In respect of 1936 they have declared this week a final dividend of 15 per cent., making 20 per cent., against 15 per cent. in the previous year, and in addition have given a cash bonus of 5 per cent. and a share bonus of one in two free. It is well known that in respect of 1935 they had treated their shareholders shabbily—for political reasons. The British Government, which holds the controlling interest, had been anxious not to proclaim to the world that they had made an oil profit out of the Abyssinian War. But that profit had been tucked away and has no doubt helped to swell the profits of 1936. A rise in earnings from 15¼ per cent. to 36¾ per cent. is satisfactory enough, but this is not the end of the growth. This year petrol has risen by 1½*d.* per gallon, on account of the rise in tanker rates, which represents in a full year about 12 per cent. on the Company's ordinary share capital. How happy the shareholders must feel now that N.D.C. is dead! The boom in Anglo-Iranian earnings suggests that the price of British petrol is too high. Companies which operate their own tankers must be making about 6*d.* per gallon profit, which is obviously excessive. Plenty of crude oil is being produced, but the international marketing of refined oils is in comparatively few hands, and about 80 per cent. of the petrol trade in this country is controlled by the "combine" companies, which fix the selling prices. The prosperity of Anglo-Iranian made the market bullish of the final dividend of the Shell Transport, which is due to be declared as we go to press. Two members of the Royal Dutch-Shell group have already increased their dividends—Venezuelan Oil Concessions from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* per share, and Anglo-Egyptian Oil from 10 per cent. to 12½ per cent. I particularly favour V.O.C., to which the Royal Dutch-Shell group must look for an increasing export of oil to meet the deficiencies of strike-ridden Mexican Eagle. As the following table indicates, oil share yields on the basis of the new dividends are not unattractive:

	Price.	1935 Div.	1936 Div.	Div. Yield %.
Burmah Oil, £1 ..	5 15/16 xd	20%	22½% +5% bonus	4.97 on 27½%
Anglo-Iranian, £1 ..	6 9/16 cum. bonus	15%	20% +5% bonus	4.75 on 20%
Venezuelan Oil Concessions, 13/4 ..	2¾	18¾%	22½%	5.61

Burmah Oil, which holds 3,562,000 Anglo-Iranian Oil shares standing in its books at about 12*s.*, could, if it liked, declare a share bonus of at least 50 per cent.

* * *

The British Empire group of Fixed Trusts is to be congratulated on taking the "fix" out of "fixed." It is offering in exchange for sub-units in its Series "A" fixed trust (now valued at 22*s.* 10½*d.*) new shares of £1 in an unfixed trust managed by a board of directors drawn from the "established" investment trust world. It has always been a fundamental criticism of the fixed trust movement that a choice of equity shares for a fixed term of years regardless of the duration of the trade cycle was unsound, except for stable equities in the insurance and banking world. That is why the more recent fixed trusts became flexible, but even the flexible type was not equipped to deal with all the

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Full particulars may be obtained and Units may be bought or sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¾% to 4%. Price of Units, 1st June - - 21s. 0d.

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Mansion House 5467

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changes and chances of industrial equity investment. The industrial "fixed" trusts, in other words, were definitely in a fix, especially as the public appetite for British industrial equities has gradually been declining. The British Empire group is therefore making a step in the right direction when it reverts to the old type of management trust. Let us hope that more groups will follow suit. But it would be helpful if the directors of First Conversion Trust were to enlighten their shareholders on their new investment policy.

* * *

The withdrawal of N.D.C. is not of itself a bull point for the shares of newspaper companies: their earnings were high and relatively stable in 1933–35, and the accounts published this week of Associated Newspapers (Rothermere, *Daily Mail* group) suggest that a peak may have been already reached. The deferred dividend is maintained at 26⅔ per cent., with a comfortable margin to spare, but net profits at £931,851 are only £1,000 up on the year. Allied Newspapers, the competing combine of "Berry" journals, did better. Its profits for 1936, at £1,099,276, showed an advance of about £20,000. But the chairman at the annual meeting spoke pointedly of the continued high rate of expenditure on canvassing and other adventitious aids to circulation. Allied's ordinary shares yield over 5½ per cent., and the deferred shares of Associated Newspapers rather more than 5¾ per cent. Appetising yields, but the industry is too vulnerable for my liking to increased costs of newsprint. A well-informed estimate of a 2,000,000 daily net sale newspaper's trading accounts, published in 1935 by *PEP*, showed that out of a probable total expenditure annually of £3,000,000, paper and ink would account for £1,100,000, or 32 per cent. Paper alone would absorb nearly £1,000,000. At that time most newspapers were obtaining supplies of newsprint at an average cost of well under £10 a ton. Assume an advance in the average price to nearly £12 per ton by 1938. The difference to a mass circulation daily's profit-and-loss account would be of the order of £200,000. This price-risk factor warrants a generous immediate yield on stock-market valuations of newspaper shares. Of the two concerns mentioned above, Allied has a more diversified spread of interests and is a fair semi-speculative investment. But the industry is unsuitable for the savings of widows and orphans.

A Gilt-Edged Investment

C.W.S. BANK DEPOSIT NOTES YIELD 3% per annum compound interest if held for four years. Earlier withdrawals may be made, although in such cases the interest is less. Multiples of one pound are accepted.

Of the total C.W.S. Bank assets of £105,000,000, **some £76,700,000 is invested in British Government Securities.**

The reserves of the Society amount to £8,000,000.

Ask for C.W.S. Bank Deposit Note leaflets at any Co-operative Society, or write to:

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Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.

BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

Company Meeting

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS

LORD KEMSLEY'S REVIEW

THE thirteenth ordinary general meeting of Allied Newspapers, Limited, was held in London on Monday last.

Lord Kemsley (chairman) presided, and first referred to the changes of the Board resulting from the retirement of Lord Camrose, to whom he paid a tribute. Continuing he said (in part): The profits for 1936 amounted to £1,099,276 as compared with £1,079,758 in respect of 1935. The directors are proposing that £212,674 should be carried to reserve, which will bring that fund up to £2,000,000. They recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 9 per cent., less tax.

A great group such as Allied Newspapers must be run on sound financial and commercial lines. In other words, I recognise that our first duty is to our shareholders. But when we have done everything we can to increase efficiency to the maximum and to avoid wastage in all departments, there then comes an overriding responsibility which I am sure you will appreciate. I refer to the responsibility of newspapers towards national life. In my opinion, those who control the policy of newspapers have a responsibility second only to that of Government itself. Our newspapers are the daily reflection of life as it is lived to-day. As we describe the changing values of morals and habits of the people so the people accept that picture.

I want you to feel that I have assumed the chairmanship with a full sense of my responsibilities not only towards you as the owners of this important group of newspapers but towards the country.

There is no lessening of competition in the newspaper world, and canvassing on an enormous scale is still rampant. Too many newspapers seem afraid to risk their chance of obtaining new readers on the merits of their contents. I do not think the public realise the colossal sums that are spent in canvassing by the newspapers in this country. We ourselves have a number of teams securing new readers for our papers, and until there is less activity on the part of our competitors we shall continue to employ them for defensive purposes.

I wish to refer for a few moments to the law of libel as it affects not only ourselves but all newspaper proprietors. From time to time we are compelled to defend ourselves at considerable expense against actions for damages brought by men of straw where damage only exists in their imagination. A Bill for the reasonable protection of newspapers against frivolous, ill-founded cases, brought for the purpose of gain, is to be introduced in the House of Commons. This is not an attempt on the part of newspaper proprietors to deprive the private citizen of any right; its object is only to protect the Press from the unfair use of the machinery of the law. I hope we shall gain the sympathetic interest of our legislators in our effort to secure reasonable protection against such misuses of the existing law.

During 1936 I understand there was a national increase in the amount spent on advertising, which showed an advance of 5.16 per cent. over the expenditure of 1935. The increased revenue of Allied Newspapers from national advertising was in excess of this, proving the value placed upon our media by the great business houses of the country.

IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS

In order to cope with increasing circulations and papers with more pages we have made plans for enlarging not only our buildings but our mechanical resources. Our programme is one of considerable magnitude.

In London we have a valuable site in Grays Inn Road, only partly developed. The *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Graphic* are published there. On this site we are building an office block and are providing extra accommodation for our editorial and mechanical departments, some of which are at present housed elsewhere. In making our plans we are not losing sight of possible future developments. In London we publish three important newspapers. I take great pride in referring to the *Sunday Times*, with which Lord Camrose and I were connected for over 22 years. This is one of the world's greatest newspapers.

The *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Graphic*, our two other London publications, every year improve their position as the leading home picture newspapers. Both have developed a field in which they are unsurpassed.

The Chairman dealt with the installation of new presses in Manchester and with the progress made by the company's newspapers published in Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Cardiff, Middlesbrough, and Aberdeen, and concluded:—I think that you will have gathered that Allied Newspapers is a co-ordinated entity controlling 26 important daily and Sunday newspapers. As a whole they form one of the most influential and firmly established newspaper properties in the world. They are strongly entrenched wherever they are published.

On the proposal of the Chairman, seconded by Lord Iliffe, the report and accounts were unanimously adopted. Resolutions were passed authorising the creation of 500,000 new £1 shares, of which 184,050 were to be Six-and-a-Half per Cent. First Preference shares and the remainder Ordinary shares. The shares, it was stated, would be offered to all classes of stock and share holders.

The proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, his colleagues and the staff of the Company.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Temporary Assistant for One Year.

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position at a salary of £125. Candidates must have good experience of cataloguing and classification and should be proficient typists. University graduate with professional certificates preferred.

Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than June 10th, 1937.

W. M. GIBBONS, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Economics. Salary £850 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 17th, 1937.

EDWIN DREW,
Singleton Park, Swansea. Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Joint Committee of the University and the Workers' Educational Association.
Resident Staff Tutorship for Extra-Mural Education.

Applications are invited for a probationary appointment as Resident Staff Tutor for adult education in the County of Worcester, at a salary of £300 per annum, with superannuation benefits, commencing on September 1st, 1937. Subject to satisfactory service the salary will rise to £350 and £400 in the second and third years.

Candidates should be qualified to take classes in History, Geography or the Social Sciences.

Four copies of applications, stating the subjects in which the applicant is qualified, should be forwarded to reach the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, not later than June 15th, 1937. Applications may be accompanied by not more than three testimonials.

Further particulars may be obtained from
The University, C. G. BURTON,
Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. Secretary.
May, 1937.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S APPOINTMENTS BOARD.

A small number of students are available as holiday tutors and children's companions in the Summer vacation. Application should be made to:
THE MISTRESS, Girton College, Cambridge.
THE PRINCIPAL, Newnham College, Cambridge.

I AM a journalist, gardener, secretary, salesman, a good organiser, accustomed public speaking, hard work and responsibility; can I help you? Box 801, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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